Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu – 1/10

(1)

آپ نہ طالب ہین کہیں دے لوکاں طالب کر دے ہُو
چاوِن کھیپاں کر دے سیپاں قہر توں ناہیں ڈر دے ہُو
عِشق مجازی تِلکن بازی پَیر اوّلے دھر دے ہُو
اوہ شرمندے ہوسن باہُو اندر روز حشر دے ہُو

Aap na talib hain kahen de,
Lokaan talib karde hoo.
Chavan khepan karde sepan,
Na Rab de qaihron dared hoo.
Ishq majazee tilkan bazee,
Pair aa valle dharde hoo.
Oh sharminde hosan Baahoo,
Andar roz hashae de hoo.

These false prophets Were never disciples themselves,
But they contrive to make disciples of others.
As an act of seeming benefaction,
But they swindle their disciples Of their money and belongings;
They fear not the wrath of God,
Crooked in their ways, they lose their footing.
In the slippery game of outward love,
Say Bahu: They will regret their doings on the day of judgement

(2)

اَدّھی لعنت دُنیا تائیں ساری دُنیا داراں ہُو

راہ صاحب دے خرچ نہ کیتی لین غضب دیاں ماراں ہُو

پیواں کولوں پُتر کوھاوے پِھٹ دنیا مکاراں ہُو

دُنیا تَرک کیتی جِنھ باہُو لَیسَن باغ بہاراں ہُو

Addhee laanat duneeaa taaeen,
Saaree duneeaa daaraan hoo.
Jain raah sahib kharch na keetee,
Lain ghazab deeaan maaraan hoo.
Peovaan kolon putt kohaava,
Bhatth duneeaa makkaaran hoo.
Tark jinhaan duneeaa theen keetee,
Laisan baagh bahaaraan hoo.

Accursed is life in this world;
Twice as accursed are they who are attached to it.
Those who have not dedicated their lives to God,
Shall suffer the unrelenting blows of destiny.
Abominable is this sly world –
It can even prompt a father to kill his own son.
Those who have renounced this world,
Will enjoy the delights of the garden That is eternally in bloom.

(3)

ازل ابد نوں سہی کیتوسے ویکھ تماشے گُزرے ہُو

چوداں طبق دِلیں دے اندر آتش لائے حُجرے ہُو

جنہاں حق نہ حاصل کیتا دوہیں جہانیں اُجڑے ہُو

غرق ہوئے وِچ وحدت باہُو ویکھ تنہاں دے مُجرے ہُو

Azal abad noon sahee keetose,
Wekh tamaashe guzre hoo.
Chaudaan tobaq dile de andar,
Aatish laae hujre hoo.
Jinhaan haqq na haasil keetaa,
Doheen jahaaneed ujrhe hoo.
Aashiq gharq hoe wich wahadat,
Wekh tinhaan de mujre hoo.

I have, at last, grasped the beginning and the end:
I have seen the whole sectacle of past, present and future Pass before my eyes.
Within my heart are fourteen realms,
Chambers of light – ablaze With the profusion of God’s light.
Those who have not realized God will wander,
Homeless in this world, destitute in the next.

But watch the lovers dance with ecstasy,
As they merge into the oneness of God.

(4)

اکھیں سُرخ مُنہے تے زردی ہر وَلوں دل ہاہیں ہُو !
مُنہا مُہاڑ خوشبوئی والا پُہنتا وَنج کدائیں ہو !
عشق مُشک نہ چُھپے رہندے ظاہر تھین اَٹھائیں ہُو
نام فقیر تنہاں دا باہُو جِنھ لا مکانی جائیں ہُو

Akkheen surkh te mooheen zardee,
Har wallon dil aaheen hoo.
Muhaa muhaar khushboi waalaa,
Pahuntaa vanj kadaaeen hoo.
Ishq mushk na chhuppe raihnde,
Zaahir theen uthaaeen hoo.
Naam faqeer tinhaan daa Baahoo,
Jin laamakaanee jaaeen hoo.

Their eyes sleepless, their faces pale,
Lovers constantly sigh in grief.
What has become of these faces,
That once beamed with youth and vivacity?
Love is like musk that cannot stay hidden:
Its fragrance cannot but reveal its presence.

Only those who abide in realms beyond space,
Deserve to be called ‘faqir’, O Bahu.

(5)

الف - اَحد جد دِتّی وِکھالی از خود ہویا فانی ہُو
قُرب وصل مقام نہ منزل نہ اُتھ جسم نہ جانی ہُو
نہ اوتھ عشق محبّت کائی نہ اُتھ کون مکانی ہُو
عَینوں عین تھیوسے باہو سِرّ وحدت سُبحانی ہُو

Alif-aihad jad dittee wiskaalee,
Az khud hoiaa faanee hoo.
Qurb, wisaal, maqaam na manzil,
Na uth jism na jaanee hoo.
Na uth ishq muhabbat kaaee,
Na uth kaun makaanee hoo.
Aino-ain theeose Baahoo,
Sirr wahadat subhaanee hoo.

When the one Lord revealed himself to me,
I lost myself in him.
Now there is neither nearness nor union.
There is no longer a journey to undertake, No longer a destination to reach.
Love attachment, my body and soul,

And even the very limits of time and space Have all dropped from my consciousness.
My separate self has merged in the Whole:
In that, O Bahu, lies the secret of the unity that is God!

(6)

الف - الست سُنیا دل میری قالُوا بَلیٰ کُوکیندی ھُو
حُب وَطن دی غالب ہوئی ہِک پَل سَون نہ دیندی ھُو
قہر پوَے تینوں رہزن دُنیا حق دا راہ مریندی ھُو؟
عاشقاں مُول قبول نہ باھُو توڑے زار رویندی ھُو

Alif alast suniaa dil mere,
Jind balaa kookendee hoo.
HUbb watan dee ghaalib hoee,
Hik pal saun na dendee hoo.
Qaihar pave is raazan duneeaa,
Haqq daa raah marendee hoo.
Aashiq mool qabool na Bahoo,
Zaaro zaar ruvendee hoo.

When, at the time of Creation,
God separated me from himself,
I heard him say: “Am I not your God?”
“Indeed you are,” cried my soul, reassured. Since then has my heart

flowered.
With the inner urge to return Home,
Giving me not a moment of calm here on earth.
May doom strike this world!
It robs souls on their way to God.
The world has never accepted his lovers;
They are persecuted and left to cry in pain.

(7)

الف - اللہ چنبے دی بُوٹی من وِچ مُرشد لاندا ھُو
جس گت اُتے سوہنا راضی اوہو گت سکھاندا ھُو
ہر دَم یاد رَکھے ہر ویلے سوہنا اُٹھدا بہندا ھُو
آپ سمجھ سمجھیندا باھُو - "آپ" آپے بَن جاندا ھُو

Alif-Allaah chambe dee bootee,
Murshid man wich laandaa hoo.
Jis gatt utte sohanaa raazee,
Oho gatt sikhaandaa hoo.
Hardam yaad rakhe har wele,
Sohanaa uthaandaa bahaandaa hoo.
Aap samajh samjhendaa Bahoo,
Aap aape ban jaandaa hoo.

My master has sown in my heart,
The jasmine of God's Name.
He has taught me how to captivate,
The heart of my charming Beloved.
He keeps me in his thoughts eternally,
He always makes me do his will.
He himself grants me his wisdom, O Bahu,
He himself moulds me into his own real Self.

(8)

الف - اللہ چنبے دی بوٹی مَن وِچ مُرشد لائی ھُو
نفی اثبات دا پانی مِلیس ہر رگے ہرجائی ھُو
اندر بوٹی مُشک مچایا جاں پھُلاں پر آئی ھُو
جِیوے مُرشد کامل باھُو جیں بوٹی مَن لائی ھُو

Alif-Allaah chambe dee bootee,
Murshid man wich laaee hoo.
Nafee asbaat daa paanee milia,
Har rage har jaaee hoo.
Andar bootee Mushk machaayaa,
Jaan phullan te aaee hoo.
Jeeve murshid kaamil Baahoo,
Jain eh bootee laaee hoo.

My Master(Spiritual Guide) has planted in my heart,
The jasmine of Allah's Name.
Both my denial that the Creation is real And my embracing of God,
the only reality, Have nourished the seedling down to its core.
When the buds of mystery unfolded Into the blossoms of revelation,
My entire being was filled with God's Fragrance.
May the perfect Master Who planted this jasmine in my heart,
Be ever blessed, O Bahu!

(9)

الف اللہ جاں سہی کیتو سے چمکیا عشق اگوہاں ہُو
راتیں ڈِینہاں تا تکھیرے کرے اگوہاں سُونہاں ہُو
اندر بھاہیں اندر بالن اندر دے وچ دُھوہاں ہُو
شاہ رگ تھیں رَبّ نیڑے باہُو عشق کیتوسے سُونہا ہُو

Allaah sahee keetose jis dam,
Chamkiaa ishq agohaan hoo.
Raat dihaan de taa tikhere,
Kare agohaan soohaan hoo.
Andae bhaaheen, andar baalan,
Andar de wich dhoohaan hoo.
Shaah rag theen Rabb nerhe laddhaa,
Ishq keetaa jad soohaan hoo.

The moment I realized the oneness of God,
the flame of his love shone within, to lead me on.
Constantly it burns in my heart with intense heat,
Revealing the mysteries along my path.
This fire of love burns inside me with no smoke,
Fueled by my intense longing for the Beloved.
Following the Royal Vein,* I found the Lord close by.
My love has brought me face to face with him.

*

(The Royal Vein or shah rag is the central current in the subtle body, starting from the eye center and leading up to the highest spiritual regions. It is located and followed by means of the spiritual practice taught by a perfect Master. The Hindus call it sushmana or sukhmana nadi. It is the Royal Highway to the court of the Lord. It is not to be confused with the sushmana naadi of the yogis, which runs up the spinal column).

(10)

اللہ پڑھائیوں حافظ ہویوں نہ گیا حجابوں پردہ ہُو
پڑھ پڑھ عالم فاضل ہویوں بھی، طالب ہویوں زر دا ہُو
سے ہزار کتاباں پڑھیاں، ظالم نفس نہ مَردا ہُو
باجھ فقیراں کسے نہ ماریا باہُو چور اندر دا ہُو

Allaah parhion haafiz hoion,
Na giaa hijaabon pardaa hoo.
Parhh Parhh aalim faazil hoion,

Taalib hoion zar daa hoo.
Lakh hazaar kitaabaan parhiaan,
Zaalim nafs na mardaa hoo.
Baajh faqeeraan kise na mareya,
Eho chor andar daa hoo.

You have read the name of God over and over,
You have stored the holy Qur'an in your memory,
But this has still not unveiled the hidden mystery.
Instead, your learning and scholarship,
Have sharpened your greed for worldly things.
None of the countless books you've read in your life,
Has destroyed your brutal ego.
Indeed, none but the Saints can kill this inner thief,
For it ravages the very house in which it lives.

(11)

اندر بھی ہُو باہر بھی ہُو باہُو کِتھاں لبھیوے ہُو
سے ریاضتاں کر کراہاں خُون جگر دا پیوے ہُو
لکھ ہزار کِتاباں پڑھ کے دانشمند سدیوے ہُو
نام فقیر تنہیں دا باہُو قبر جِنہاں دی جیوے ہُو

Andar hoo te baahir hoo,
Baahoo kith labheeve hoo.

Sai riaazat kar karaahan,
Khoon jigar daa peeve hoo.
Lakh hazaar kitaaban parh ke,
Daanishmand sadeeve hoo.
Naam faqeer tahendaa Baahoo,
Qabar jahendee jeeve hoo.

Hu is within, Hu is without,
Hu pervades everything; Where then is Bahu to find Hu?
He has wounded his own heart,
He has tortured his own soul.
With austerities of all manner,
With worship of all kinds, Having read millions of books.
He has also come to be called ‘wise’,
But the name ‘faqir’ befits only him, O Bahu, Whose very grave breathes life!

(12)

اندر کلمہ کُل کُل کردا عشق سکھایا کلمہ ھُو
چوداں طبق کلمے دے اندر قرآن کتاباں علماں ھُو
کانے کپ کے قلم بناون لکھ نہ سکن قلماں ھُو
کلمہ پیر پڑھایا باھُو ذرا نہ رہیاں الماں ھُو

Andar kalmaa kul kul kardaa,
Ishq sikhaaiaa kalmaa hoo.
Chaudaan tabqe kalmen andar,
Chhad kitaabaan ilmaan hoo.
Kaanne kapp ke qalam banaavan,
Likh na sakkan qalmaan hoo.
Kalmaa mainoon peer parhhaiaa,
Zaraa na raheeaan almaan hoo.

Within me resounds the melody of Kalma,
The melody that love has taught me to hear.
Why don’t you put away your books,
And forget that you have learnt from them –
For within the Kalma you will find The fourteen inner realms.
Scholars sharpen reeds into pens,
But they are not capable of writing the true Kalma.
This Kalma has rid me of all afflictions Of the body and mind –
Only a Master could have taught it to me, O Bahu.

(13)

اندر وِچ نماز اساڈی ہِکسے جاہ نتیوے ہو

نال قیام رکوع سجودے کر تکرار پڑھیوے ہو

ایہہ دِل ہِجر فراقوں سڑیا ایہہ دم مرے نہ جیوے ہو

راہ محمدؐ والا باہو جیں وچ رب لبھیوے ہو

Andar wich namaaz asaadee,
Hikse jaa niteeve hoo.
Naal qiam rakooa sajoode,
Kar takraar parheeve hoo.
Eh dil hijar firaaqon sarhiaa,
Eh dam mare na jeeve hoo.
Sachchaa raah Mohammad waalaa,
Jain wich Rabb labheeve hoo.

I offer my prayer in the temple of my heart –
The only true place to worship God.
I stand in supplication, I bow in obeisance,
I tender my prayer without break in its repetition.
Hanging between life and death,
My heart burns in the fire of separation from him.
The path indicated by the Prophet is true,
O Bahu: Following it one can find God

(14)

اندر ہُوتے باہر ہُو دَم ہُو دے نال جلیندا ہُو
ہُو دا داغ محبّت والا ہر دَم پیا سڑیندا ہُو
جتھے ہُو کرے رُشنائی چھوڑ اندھیرا ویندا ہُو
دوہیں جہان غلام اس باہُو جو ہُو سہی کریندا ہُو

Andar hoo te baahir hoo,
Hardam naal jalendaa hoo.
Hoo daa daagh muhabbat waalaa,
Hardam piaa sarhendaa hoo.
Jitthe hoo kare rushnaaee,
Chhorh andheraa vaindaa hoo.
Dohee jahaan ghulaam us Baahoo,
Jo hoo sahee karendaa hoo.

Hu is within, Hu is without,
Hu always reverberates in my heart.
The wound in my heart aches constantly,
With the unabating pain of Hu’s love.
The darkness of ignorance departs,
From the heart lit by Hu.
I sacrifice myself to the one,
O Bahu, Who has realized the significance of Hu.

(15)

اوجھڑ جھل تے مارو بیلا جتھے جالن آئی ہو

جِس کدھی نوں ڈھا ہمیشہ اج ڈھٹی کل ڈھائی ہو

نَیں جِنھاں دے وہے سرہاندی سُکھ نہیں سوندے راہی ہو

ریت تے پانی جتھے باہو بَنتھی نہیں بجھدی کائی ہو

Aujharh jhall te maaroo bele,
Jitthe jaalan aaee hoo.
Jis kaddhee noon dhaah hameshaan,
Ajj dhatthee kal dhaaee hoo.
Nain jinhaan dee vahe sirhaandee,
Oh such na saonde raahee hoo.
Ret paanee jith hon ikatthe,
Uth bannee na bajhdee kaaee hoo.

This body, this desolate wilderness,
In which the soul has come to lodge,
Is a rapidly crumbling bank of the river of time.
It will collapse – tomorrow, if not today.
Lodged on the edge of such a shore,
How can a traveller sleep in peace?
For where sand and water meet,
No embankment can hold, O Bahu.

(16)

ایمان سلامت ہر کوئی منگے، عشق سلامت کوئی ھُو
ایمان منگن شرماون عِشقوں دل نوں غیرت ہوئی ھُو
عِشق پُچھاوے جِس منزل ایمانے خبر نہ کوئی ھُو
عِشق سلامت رکھیں باھُو ایمانوں دیاں دھروہی ھُو

Imaan salaamat har koee mange,
Ishq salaamat koee hoo.
Imaan mangan sharmaavan ishqon,
Dil noon ghairat hoee hoo.
Jis manzil non ishq puchaave,
Imaan khabar na koee hoo.
Ishq salaamat rakkheen Bahoo,
Diaan imaan dharoee hoo.

Believers pray to God for the protection of faith,
But few pray for the gift of his love.
I am ashamed at what they ask for,
Even more at what they are willing to yield.
Religion is quite unaware of the spiritual plane,
To which love can raise us.
O Lord, keep my love for you ever fresh,
Says Bahu: I shall mortgage my religion for it.

(17)

ایہہ تن رب سچے دا حجرہ پا فقیرا جھاتی ہو
نہ کر منت خواج خضر دی اندر آب حیاتی ہو
شوق دا دیوا بال انھیرے لبھی وست کھڑاتی ہو
مرن تھیں اگے مر رہے باہو جنہاں رمز پچھاتی ہو

Eh tan Rabb sachche daa hujraa,
Wich paa faqeeraa jhaatee hoo.
Naa kar minnat khwaaj khizr dee,
Tain andar aab hayaatee hoo.
Shauq daa deevaa baal hanere,
Mat labbhee vast kharaatee hoo.
Marn theen agge mar rahe,
Jinhaan Haqq dee ramz pachhaatee hoo.

This body is the temple of the true Lord;
Peep within it, hermit!
You need no help from Khwaja Khizr: *
The water of life is already within you.
Light the lamp of love in your heart,
To dispel the darkness within And discover the long-lost treasure.
Those who realize the secret of God,
Die before death [and find everlasting life].

*

(*Hazrat Khwaja Khizr is said to have drunk aabe hayaat, the water of life, and to know the secret of the pool of nectar).*

(18)

ایہہ تَن رب سچّے دا حُجرہ کِھڑیا باغ بہاراں ہُو

وِچّے کُوزے وِچ مُصلّے سجدے دیاں ہزاراں ہُو

وِچّے کعبہ وِچّے قِبلہ اِلّاَ اللہ پُکاراں ہُو

کامل مُرشد مِلیا باہُو آپے لَیسی ساراں ہُو

Eh tan Rabb sachche daa hujraa,
Khirheeaan baagh bahaaraan hoo.
Wichche kooze, wich musalle,
Wich sajde diaan thaaraan hoo.
Wichche kaabaa wichche qiblaah,
Il-lillaah pukaaraan hoo.
Kaamil murshid miliaa Baahoo,
Aape laisee saaraan hoo.

This body is a temple of the true Lord,
In which fragrant gardens abound With eternally fresh blossoms.
Inside are the prayer mats, the places for prostration,
And the means for ritual ablution.
Inside is the Ka'ba and the Qibla,
And here I cry out to Allah, the one without parallel.
O Bahu, I have found the perfect Master,
Who will guide and protect me within.

(19)

ایہہ تَن میرا چشماں ہو وے مُرشد ویکھ نہ رَجّاں ھُو

لُوں لُوں دے مُڈھ لکھ لکھ چشماں ہِک کھولاں ہِک کجّاں ھُو

اِتنیاں ڈِٹھیاں صبر نہ آوے ہور کتے وَل بھجّاں ھُو

مُرشد دا دِیدار ہے باھُو لکھ کروڑاں حجّاں ھُو

Eh tan meraa chashmaan hove,
Murshid wekh na rajjaan hoo.
Loon loon de mudh lakh lakh chashmaan,
Ik kholaan ik kajjaan hoo.
Itniaan dithiaan sabar naa aave,
Hor kite val bhajjaan hoo.
Murshid daa deedaar hai Baahoo,
Lakh karorhaan hajjaan hoo.

Were my whole body festooned with eyes,
I would gaze at my Master with untiring zeal.
O, how I wish that every pore of my body, Would turn into a million eyes –
Then, as some closed to blink, others would open to see!
But even then my thirst to see him,
Might remain unquestioned. What else am I to do?
To me, O Bahu, a glimpse of my Master,
Is worth millions of pilgrimages to the holy Ka’ba!

Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu – 2/10

November 14, 2009 by qausain

(23)

باجھ حضُوری نہیں منظوری توڑے پڑھن صَلاتاں ھُو
روزے نفل نماز گزارن جَاگن ساریاں راتاں ھُو
باجھوں قلب حضُور نہ ہووے کڈھن تے زکاتاں ھُو
باجھ فنا رب حاصل باہُو نہ تاثیر جماتاں ھُو

Baajh huzooree naheen manzooree,
Pae parhhan bang salaataan hoo.
Roze, nafal namaaz, guzaaran,
Pae jaagan saareeaan raataan hoo.

Baajhon qabal huzoor na hove,
Pae kadhan sai zakaataan hoo.
Bajh fanaa Rabb haasil naaheen,
Na taaseer jamaataan hoo.

If you don’t have the Master’s presence within,
You will not attain acceptance in God’s court,
Useless is all prayer, futile is all chanting.
You can fast, you can pray the whole night through,
To supplement your daily prayer;
You can also perform numerous acts of charity;
But if your heart is not purified, You will not feel God’s presence within.
If you have not died before your death,
chanting in group prayers will avail you nothing.

(24)

باہُو باغ بہاراں کِھڑیا نرگس ناز شرم دا ہُو
دل وچ کعبہ سہی کیتو سے، پاکوں پاک پرم دا ہُو
طالب طلب طواف تماہی مُحبّ حضور حرم دا ہُو
گیا حجاب تھیوسے حاجی بخشیوس راہ کرم دا ہُو

Baahoo baagh bahaaraan khirhiaan,
Nargis naaz sharam daa hoo.
Dil wich kaabaa sahee keetose,

Paakon paak piram daa hoo.
Taalib talab tawaaf tamaamee,
Hubb huzoor haram daa hoo.
Giaa hijaab theeose haajee,
Bakhshish raah karam daa hoo.

The garden of my heart has so blossomed,
That it puts the charming narcissus to shame.
Manifested within me is the holy Ka'ba;
Blessed with the purity of love, my heart rejoices.
I circle the inner Ka'ba with fervent love;
In ardent devotion I yearn For the blessing of my Beloved's presence.
The veil is now lifted, my pilgrimage is complete,
In his mercy, O Bahu, lies the way to remission.

(25)

بغداد شریفے ونج کراہاں سودا نینّہہ کیتوسے ہُو
رَتّی عقل دے کراہاں بھار غماں دا گِھدوسے ہُو
بھار بھریرا منزل چوکھیری اوڑک ونج پُہنتیوسے ہُو
ذات صفات سہی کیتوسے باہُو جمال لدھوسے ہُو

Baghdaad shareef vanj karaahaan,
Saudaa ne keetose hoo.

Ratti aqal dee de karaahaan,
Bhaar ghamaan daa ghidose hoo.
Bhaujal bhaar manzil chaukheree,
Orhak vanj pahuteose hoo.
Zaat sifaat sahee keetose,
Taan Jamaal laddhose hoo.

I went to holy Baghdad to trade my soul,
For a grain of my Master's wisdom.
I bore a heavy load of sorrows.
My burden was great, my destination far, But I arrived at last!
When I perceived the essence of the Lord,
As distinct from his qualities,
My heart was illuminated With the splendor of his countenance.

(26)

بَنّھ چلایا طرف زمیں دے عرشوں فرش ٹِکایا ہُو
گھر تھیں مِلیا دیس نکالا لِکھیا جھولی پایا ہُو
رَہ نی دُنیا نہ کر جھیڑا اَگّے دل گھبرایا ہُو
اَس پردیسی وطن دورڑاڈا باہُو اَلم سوایا ہُو

Banh chalaiaa tarf zameen de,
Arshon darsh tikaaiaa hoo.
Ghar theen miliaa des nikaalaa,

Likhiaa jholee paaiaa hoo.
Rauh nee duneeaa, na kar jherhaa,
Saadaa dil ghabraaiaa hoo.
Aseen pardesee watan duraadaa,
Dam dam alam savaaiaa hoo.

I was bound and flung down:
Banished from heaven, dumped on earth,
Bound by the dictates of my destiny,
I was exiled into this alien land.
Off with you, sly world, aggravate me no more,
I am already in anguish.
I am a stranger, my home is very far away,
And my situation worsens With every breath I draw here.

(27)

بے ادباں نہ سار ادب دی نال غیراں دے سانجھے ہُو
جیہڑے ہانہہ مٹی دے بھانڈے کدی نہ ہوندے کانجھے ہُو
جیہڑے مُدھ قدیم دے کھیڑے ہوون کدی نہ رانجھے ہُو
جیں حضور نہ منگیا باہُو گئے جہانیں وانجھے ہُو

Be-adabaan na saar adab dee,
Gae adab theen vaanje hoo.

Jahrhe hon mittee de bhaande,
Kadeen na theevan kaanje hoo.
Jehrhe mudh qadeem de Kherhe,
Kadeen na honed Raanjhe hoo.
Jain huzoor na mangiaa Baahoo,
Doheen jahaaneen vaanje hoo.

The irreverent know not the manners of love;
Bereft of love will they depart from here.
Earthen vessels are inherently coarse-
They can never shine like those of glass!*
Those born as villains Can never become lovers of the Lord.
The heart that does not pine for the divine presence,
Will remain destitute in both worlds, O Bahu.

*

(A lover’s heart is transparent to God’s love, as a glass jar is to light. The heart of an infidel, on the other hand, is like a pitcher of clay that is always dark within, even when placed in sunlight).

(28)

بے بزرگی ویہن لوڑھائیے ملئے رج مکالا ہُو
لَا اِلٰہ گل گہنا مڑھیا مذہب کیہہ لگدا سالا ہُو؟
اِلَّا اللہ گھر میرے آیا آن لہیا پالا ہُو
پیالا خضروں پیتا باہُو آب حیاتی والا ہُو

Be-buzurgee vaihan lurhhaaee-e,
Karee-e rajj mukaalaa hoo.
Laa-illaah gal gaihnaa marhiaa,
Mazhab kee lagdaa saalaa hoo.
Il-lillaah ghar mere aaiaa,
Jain aan uthaaiaa paalaa hoo.
Asaan piaalaa Khizron peetaa,
Aab hayaatee waalaa hoo.

Throughly blacken the face of priestly wisdom,
And dump it in the sewer.
The kalma has adorned you like a diamond necklace –
Let that accursed religion mind its own business!
The Kalma has manifested itself within me;
The fear of death is now banished from my heart.
It was my Master, O Bahu, who gave me to drink,
From the cup that held the water of life.

(29)

ب ت پڑھ کے فاضل ہوئے الف نہ پڑھیا کِتّے ہُو
جیں پڑھیا تیں شوہ نوں لَدّھا جاں پڑھیا کُجھ تِتّے ہُو
چوداں طبق کرن رُشنائی اَنّھیاں کُجھ نہ دِسّے ہُو
باجھ وصل اللہ دے باہُو سب کہانیاں قِصّے ہُو

Be te parhh ke faazil hoe,
Alif na parhhiaa kisse hoo.
Jain parhhiaa tis shauh na laddhaa,
Jaan parhhiaa kujh tisse hoo.
Chaudaan tabaq karan rushnaaee,
Annhiaan kujh na disse hoo.
Baajh wisaal Allaah de Baahoo,
Sabh kahaanee qisse hoo.

They learned ‘everything’ and became great scholars,
But few learned the lesson of Alif.*
Those who learned ‘everything’ never found the One,
Those who learned the lesson of Oneness Found the essence of ‘everything’
All fourteen realms are lit up with God’s radiance,
But the blind perceive nothing.
If union is not attained with the Lord, O Bahu,
All learning is mere theory – A mere fable that disappears into smoke.

*

(Alif is the first letter of the Arabic, Persian and Urdu alphabets. It is written as a vertical straight line like the numeral ‘one’ (1). Hazrat Bahu uses this

similarity to identify alif with the ‘oneness’ of God. He also uses alif as an abbreviation of Ahad, the One).

(31)

ب بغداد دی کیا نشانی اُچیاں لمیاں چیراں ھُو
تن من میرا پُرزے پُرزے جیوں درزی دیاں لیراں ھُو
لیراں دی گل کفنی پا کے رلساں سنگ فقیراں ھُو
بغداد دے ٹکڑے منگساں باھُو کرساں میراں میراں ھُو

Baghdaad shaihar dee kiaa nishaanee,
Uchcheean lammeeaan cheeraan hoo.
Tan man meraa purze purze,
Join darzee deeaan leeraan hoo.
Leeraan dee gal kafanee paa ke,
Ralsan sang faqeeraan hoo.
Shaihar Baghdaad de tukrhe mangsaan,
Karsaan Meeraan Meeraan hoo.

The city of Baghdad is graced* With tall, elegant cypresses,
My fond memories of that fair city.
Tear my heart to shreds,
Like waste cloth in a tailor’s shop.
Wearing a cloak made with these shreds,

I will join the beggars in the lanes of Baghdad.
And beg for alms, calling out:
"O Meeran, Meeran, my beloved Master!" **

*

(Baghdad was the home town of Sheikh Abdul Qadir Jilani, founder of the Qadriya line of Masters, of which Hazrat Sultan Bahu was a member. There is no evidence to suggest that Bahu ever visited Baghdad. In this bait he seems to fondly reminisce about the Baghdad of his imagination – out of devotion for the founding Master, Shah Jilani).

**

(Meeran: literally, 'the exalted one'; a term of endearment and reverence used for Sheikh Abdul Qadir Jilani).

(32)

ب بہتی میں اوگن ہاری لاج پئی گل اُس دے ہُو
پڑھ پڑھ عِلم کریہن تکبّر شیطان جیہے اُٹھ مُسدے ہُو
لکھاں نوں بھَو دوزخ والا ہِک بہشتوں رُسدے ہُو
عاشقاں دے گل چھُری ہمیشہ باہُو اَگے محبوباں کُسدے ہُو

Be-Bauhtee main auganhaaree,
Laaj paee gal us de hoo.
Parhh parhh aalim karan takabbur,
Shaitaan jahe uth musde hoo.
Lakkhaan noon bhau dozakh waalaa,

Hik bahishton rusde hoo.
Aashiq de gal chhuree hameshaa,
Yaar de agge kusde hoo.

Of all sinners I am indeed the most sinful,
But in my Lord’s protection lies my honour.
In this world the learned are filled with satanic pride,
But they are robbed and maligned in the world beyond.
Millions fear the torment of hell,
But lovers turn their backs even on paradise.*
A lover’s throat is always under the knife, Bahu,
But at the alter of the Friend He rejoices in being a sacrifice.

*

(In muslim belief paradise is a place of carefree happiness and hoy, beauty and abundance; it is also a place where all of one’s wishes are fulfilled).

(33)

پاٹا دامن ہویا پُرانا کچرک سِیوے دَرزی ہُو
حال دا محرم کوئی نہ مِلیا جو ملیا سَو غرضی ہُو
بَاجھ مرُبّی کِسے نہ لَدّھی گُجّھی مَرض اندر دی ہُو
اوسے راہ ول جائیے باہُو جس تھیں خلقت ڈر دی ہُو

Paataa daaman hoiaa puraanaa,
Kickarak seeve darzee hoo.
Haal da maihram koee na miliaa,
Jo miliaa so gharzee hoo.
Baajh murabbee kise na laddhee,
Gujjhee ramz andar dee hoo.
Ose raah wal jaaee-e Baahoo,
Jis theen khalqat dardee hoo.

My cloak is now worn out and tattered;
How long will the tailor keep mending it?
I met no one who really knew the inner secret;
They were all lacking, they were all selfish.
None by my gracious Master Resolved the inner mystery.
Let us advance on the very path, O Bahu,
On which the multitude fears to tread.

(34)

پاک پلیت نہ ہوندے توڑے رہندے وِچ پلیتی ہو
وحدت دے دریا اُچھلے ہک دل سہی نہ کیتی ہو
ہک بُت خانے واصل ہوئے ہک پڑھ پڑھ رہے مسیتی ہو
سٹ فضیلت بیٹھے باہُو عشق نماز جاں نیتی ہو

Paak paleet na honed torhe,
Raihande wich paleetee hoo.
Wahadat de dariaa uchhalle,
Hik dil sahee na keetee hoo.
Hik butkhaane waasil hoe,
Hik parhh parhh rahe maseetee hoo.
Faazil sutt fazeelat baithe,
Ishq namaaz jaan neetee hoo.

The pure are never contaminated,
Even while they live in this polluted world.
A tide of love has surged in the ocean of Unity,
But those who have not prepared themselves Cannot open their hearts to it.
Some merge with the Beloved’s form In the idol house [of their hearts],*
While others pore over scriptures in mosques, Gaining nothing.
Scholars renounce their ‘superior’ learning,
O Bahu, when they learn the prayer of love.
*
(In Muslim belief a mosque is the house of God, whereas an idol house is a symbol of heresy because praying to an idol is considered a sin against God. In Sufi literature ‘Idol temple’ is used as a metaphor for the eye centre, the spiritual heart, which contains the radiant image of the Master, the object of inner worship).

(35)

پڑھ پڑھ عالم کرن تکبّر مُلّاں کرن وڈیائی ھُو
گلیاں دے وچ پھرن نمانے بغل کتاباں چائی ھُو
جتھے ویکھن چنگا چوکھا پڑھن کلام سوائی ھُو
دوہیں جہانیں مُٹھے باھُو کھادی ویچ کمائی ھُو

Parhh parhh aalim karan takabbur,
Hafiz karan vadaaee hoo.
Galiaan de wich phiran nimaane,
Baghal kitaabaan chaaee hoo.
Jithe wekhan changaa chokhaa,
Parhhan kalaam savaaee hoo.
Doheen jahaaneen mutthe jinhaan,
Khaadhee vech kamaaee hoo.

The scholar is proud of his learning,
The hafiz thrives on self-promotion.*
With books under their arms,
They go around, selling their honor.
Wherever they find a promising household,
They read the scripture in loud, fervent strains for a lucrative commission.
O Bahu! They have put God’s name on sale Just to make a living,
In this world they live spiritually bankrupt;
Stripped of all honor, they go to the one beyond.

*

(A hafiz is a Muslim, usually a member of the clergy, who has the ability to recite the entire Qur’an from memory; a well-read person; a scholar).

(36)

پَڑھ پَڑھ عِلم مشائخ سداون کرن عبادت دوہری ہُو
اندر جُھگّی پئی لُٹیوے تَن مَن خبر نہ موہری ہُو
مولا والی سَدا سُکھالی دل توں لاہ تکوری ہُو
باہُو رب تِنہاں نوں حاصل جنہاں جَگ نہ چوری ہُو

Parhh parhh ilam mushaikh sadaavan,
Karan ibaadat dohree hoo.
Andar jhuggee paee luteeve,
Tan man khabar na more hoo.
Maulaa waalee sadaa sukhaalee,
Dil ton laah takoree hoo.
Rabb tinhaan noon haasil,
Jinhaan Jag na keetee choree hoo.

They think they have acquired great learning;
They call themselves sheikhs.
While they perform much outside worship.
They do not know the manner in which temptation,
Like a thief, enters to ravage their hearts.
The soul that has attached herself to God Is forever at peace –
The smoke screen of illusion is lifted from her eyes.

Only they realize God, O Bahu,
Whose hearts the world has not seduced.

(37)

پڑھ پڑھ عِلم مُلوک ریجھاون کیا ہویا اِس پڑھیاں ھُو
ہر گز مکھن مُول نہ آوے پھٹے دُدھ دے کڑھیاں ھُو
آکھ چنڈورا ہتھ کیہ آیو ایس انگوری پھڑیاں ھُو
ہِک دِل خستہ رکھیں باھو لئیں عِبادت وَرھیاں ھُو

Parhh parhh ilam mulook rijaavan,
Kiaa hoiaa is parhhiaan hoo.
Hargiz makkhan mool na aave,
Phitte dudh de karhiaan hoo.
Aakh chandooraa hath kee aaiaa,
Es angooree phariaan hoo.
Hik dil khastaa raazee rakkheen,
Laaeen ibaadat varahian hoo.

Priests and scholars parade their learning To please the kings –
Of what avail is such erudition?
Reading scriptures is like boiling curdled milk,
In the false hope of obtaining butter.
No more profitable to them is their chanting,

Than is chirping to the mimicking chandoor.*
If you bring inner comfort to a heart in distress,
You will earn the merit of years of worship.

*

(Chandoor or chandol is a mimicking bird. It imitates sounds, including spoken words – obviously without knowing their meaning, in much the same manner as priests recite and quote the words of Saints without realizing their underlying message).

(38)

پَڑھیا عِلم ودھی مغروری عقل بھی گیا تلوہاں ھُو
بُھلاّ راہ ھِدایت والا نفع نہ کیتا دوہاں ھُو
سِر دتیاں جے سِرّ ہَتھ آوے سودا ہار نہ تُونہاں ھُو
وَڑیں بازار مُحبّت باھو رہبر لے کوئی سُونّہا ھُو

Parhhiaa ilam te vadhi aghrooree,
Aqal bhee giaa talohaan hoo.
Bhullaa raah hidaayat waala,
Nafaa na keetaa dohaan hoo.
Sir dittiaan je sirr hath aave,
Saudaa haar na tohaan hoo.
Varheen bazaar muhabbat waale,
Raihbar laike soohan hoo.

You acquired learning, your pride swelled,
And your mind took a downward course.
You strayed from the path of living guidance –
Neither your learning, nor your pride did you any good.
If you gain the inner secret by selling off your head*
You will not be the loser in the deal.
But when you enter the marketplace of love,
Be sure to have a Guide who knows this inner secret.

*

(Selling off your head means unconditionally surrendering your self or ego to the Lord).

(39)

پڑھ پڑھ علم ہزار کتاباں عالم ہوئے بھارے ھُو
حرف عشق دا پڑھ نہ جانن بھُلے پھرن بچارے ھُو
عشق عقل وچ منزل بھاری سئیاں کوہاں دے پاڑے ھُو
جنہاں عشق خرید نہ باھُو دوہیں جہانیں مارے ھُو

Parhh parhh ilam hazaar kitaaban,
Aalim hoe bhaare hoo.
Harf ik ishq daa parhh na jaanan,
Bhulle phiran vichaare hoo.
Ishq aqal wich manzil bhaaree,
Saiaan kohaan de paarhe hoo.

JInhaan ishq khareed na keetaa,
Doheen jahaaneen mare hoo.

They have read thousands of books,
They have come to be known as great scholars.
But the one word, ‘love’, they could not grasp –
So helplessly they wander in delusion.
Vast is the gulf between love and intellect.
Those who have not purchased love,
In the marketplace of this life, O Bahu,
Will always be losers in this world and the next.

(40)

پنجے میحل پنجاں وچ چانن ڈیوا کِت ول دھریئے ہو
پنجے مہر پنجے پٹواری حاصل کِت ول بھریئے ہو
پنج اِمام تے پنجے قِبلے سجدہ کِت ول کریئے ہو
صاحب جے سِر منگے باہُو ہرگز ڈِھل نہ کریئے ہو

Panje maihal, panjaan wich chaanan,
Deevaa kit val dharee-e hoo.
Panje maihar, panje patwaaree,
Haasil kit val bharee-e hoo.
Panj imaam te panje qible,
Sajdaah kit val karee-e hoo.

Je sahib sir mange Baahoo,
Hargiz dhill na karee-e hoo.

Within me are five great mansions- All five brightly lit;
What need have I of another lamp?
I am no longer accountable To the five lords and tax collectors,
Who barricade the inner path.
Five prayer leaders call the faithful To the five mosques within,
What need have I of another mosque?
IF the Lord calls for your head,
O Bahu, do not hesitate; offer it at once.

(41)

پِیر مِلے تے پِیڑ نہ جاوے اس نوں پِیر کی دھرنا ھُو
مُرشد مِلیاں اِرشاد نہ مَن نوں اوہ مُرشد کی کرنا ھُو
ہادی کنوں ھِدایت ناہیں اوہ ہادی کی پھڑنا ھُو
سِر دتیاں حق حاصل باھُو اس موتوں کی ڈرنا ھُو

Peer mile te peerh na jaave,
Taan us peer kee dharnaa hoo.
Murshid miliaan rushd na man noon,
Oh murshid kee karnaa hoo.
Jis haadee theen naheen hidaayat,
Oh haadee kee pharhnaa hoo.

Sir dittiaan haqq haasil have,
Mauton mool na darnaa hoo.

If a master does not end your pain of separation,
He is not even worth calling a Master.
Who would even need the kind of Master,
Who does not bestow spiritual blessing?
Why even go to the kind of teacher,
Who is incapable of giving proper instruction?
If you can reach God by sacrificing your head,
Be not afraid of that death, O Bahu!

Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu – 3/10

November 14, 2009 by qausain

(42)

تارک دُنیا تَد تھیوسے فقر ملیوسے خاصہ ھُو
راہ فقر دا تد لَدھیوسے ہَتھ پکڑیوسے کاسہ ھُو
دریا وحدت نوش کیتوسے اَجاں بھی جی پیاسا ھُو
راہ فقر رَت رووَن باھو لوکاں بھانے ہاسا ھُو

Tark duneeaa dee taaeen hose,
Jad faqeer milesee khaasaa hoo.

Taarik duneeaa taaeen hose,
Jad hath pakarhesee kaasaa hoo.

Dariaa wahadat nosh keetose,
Ajaan vee jee piaasaa hoo.

Raah faqar ratt hanjoo rovan,
Lokaan bhaane haasaa hoo.

You wil be able to renounce the world,
Only when you find the treasure of devotion.

True renunciation will only occur When you beg for the Lord’s grace,
In the begging bowl of your heart.

Deep have I drunk from the ocean of Oneness,
Yet my soul always thirsts for more.

Only tears of blood can pave the way to God;
O Bahu, none but the ignorant will take this lightly.

(43)

تدوں فقیر شتابی بَندا جان عشق وِچ ہارے ہُو

عاشق شیشہ نفس مُرَبّی جان جاناں توں وارے ہُو

خود نفسی چھڈ ہستی جھیڑے لاہ سِروں سب بھارے ہُو

مویاں باجھ نہیں حاصل باہُو سے سے سانگ اتارے ہُو

Tad faqeer shataabee banadaa,
Jad jaan ishq wich haare hoo.

Aashiq sheeshaa nafs murabbee,
Jaan jaanaan ton vaare hoo.

Khud nafsee chhad hastee jherhe,
Laah siron sab bhaare hoo.

Moiaan bajh na haasil theendaa,
Sai sai saang utaare hoo.

A seeker can quickly become a Saint,
When he loses himself in love:

His self becomes subdued and friendly;
His heart becomes refined and transparent,
As he sacrificed his self to the Beloved.

One must, hence, shake off the load of ego-
Of life itself-for without dying in love.

The goal of life cannot be attained!
Countless other means have I tried and failed.

(44)

تَسبی پھِری تے دِل نہ پھِریا لینا تَسبی پھڑ کے ہُو؟
عِلم پڑھیا تے ادب نہ سِکھیا لینا عِلم نوں پڑھ کے ہُو؟
چِلّے کَٹّے تے کُجھ نہ کھٹیا لینا چِلّیاں وَڑ کے ہُو؟
جاگ بنا دُدّھ جمدے نہ باہُو لال ہوون بھاویں کڑھ کے ہُو

Tasbeeh pheree dil na phiriaa,
Kee lainaa is pharh ke hoo.

Parhhiaa ilam, adab na sikhiaa,
Kee lainaa tis parhh ke hoo.

Chillaa kattiaa, kujh na khattiaa,
Kee liaa chille varh ke hoo.

Jaag binaan dudh jamde naaheen,
Laal hovan karh karh ke hoo.

You have been counting your rosary beads,
But your heart hasn’t taken a turn for the better.
What can anyone gain from such a practice?

You acquired knowledge by reading scriptures,
But you didn't submit yourself to their mandate,
What can anyone gain from such knowledge?

You secluded yourself for forty-day retreats,
But that too did you no good

You may keep boiling milk forever, O Bahu,
But unless it is cultured, it will not yield the essence.

(45)

تسبی دا توں کسبی ہویوں ماریں دم ولیاں ھو
من دا منکا اِک نہ پھیریں گل وچ پائیں پنج ویہاں ھو
دین گئے گل گھوٹو آوے لین گئے جھٹ شینہاں ھو
پتھر چت جنہاں دے باہو ضائعا وسنا مینہاں ھو

Tasbee daa toon kasbee hoion,
Dam maaren sang waleeaan hoo.

Dil daa mankaa ik na pheren,
Gal paaen panj veehaan hoo.

Den giaan gal ghotoo aave,
Lain giaan jhat sheehaan hoo.

Patthar chit jinhaan de,
Othe zaaiaa vasanaa meehaan hoo.

You have become an expert in counting beads;
You conduct yourself with an air of piety.

A hundred-bead rosary circles your neck,
But you have failed to count The one bead of your heart!

When it comes to giving, you feel strangled;
When taking, you grab like a lion.

On the hearts that are hard like stone,
O Bahu, rainfall is a wasted offering.

(46)

تُلہا بَنّھ تَوَکّل والا ہو مَردانے تریئے ھُو

جیں دُکھ تھیں سُکھ حاصل ہووے اس تھیں مُول نہ ڈریئے ھُو

اِنَّ مَعَ الْعُسْرِ يُسْرًا آیا چِت اوسے دَل دَھریئے ھُو

بے پروا درگا ہے باھُو رو رو حاصل بھَریئے ھُو

Tullaa banh tawakkul waalaa,
Ho mardaanaa taree-e hoo.

Jain dukh teen such hasil hove,
Us theen mool na daree-e hoo.

Inna ma-al-usar yusran aaiaa,
Chit use val dharee-e hoo.

Beparvaah dargaah oh Baahoo,
Ro ro haasil bharee-e hoo.

Build the ship of faith and bravely sail across,

Do not mind the pain that results in happiness.

Inscribe on the tablet of your heart,
The writ of the holy Qur'an:
"From suffering comes ease and comfort."

Absolute is the Lord – he is accountable to none.
O Bahu, let us offer him his due,
Through prayer and the tears of penitence.

(47)

تَن میں یار دا شہر بنایا دِل وِچ خاص محلّہ ہُو
آن الف دِل وَسّوں کیتی ہوئی خُوب تَسلاّ ہُو
سب کُجھ مینوں پیا سُنیوے جو بولے سو اللہ ہُو
درد مَنداں ایہہ رَمز پچھاتی باہُو بے درداں بھلاّ ہُو

Tan main yaar daa shaihar banaaiaa,
Dil wich khaas mahallaa hoo.

Aan alif dil vasson keetee,
Hoee khoob tasallaa hoo.

Sab kujh mainoon piaa suneeve,
Jo bole maasawaa allaah hoo.

Dardmandaan eh ramz pachhaatee,
Bedardaan sir khallaa hoo.

For my friend I made my body into a city,
Where I built for him a special home in my heart.

When the one Lord took abode in it,
I was blessed with profound peace.

I now hear his Voice echoing in everything,
Even in voices other than his own.*

Only those who suffer the pangs of love,
Can realize this divine secret;
Others will be rebuffed from the Lord’s court.

*

(God’s own voice is the holy Word or Kalma, which is too subtle a sound to be perceived externally. But once that Kalma is realized within, its pervasiveness becomes manifest in everything – even in the grosser sounds of the Creation).

(48)

توڑے تنگ پُرانے ہوون گجھے نہ رہندے تازی ہو
مار نقارہ دِل وِچ وڑیا کھیڈ گیا اِک بازی ہو
مار دلاں نوں جُول دِتو نیں تکّے نین نیازی ہو
اوہناں نال کیہ تھیا باہُو جنہاں یار نہ راضی ہو

Torhe tang puraane hovan,
Gujjhe raihan na taazee hoo.

Maar naqaaraa dil wich varhiaa,
Khed giaa ik baazee hoo.

Maar dilaan noon jol ditto jad,
Takke nain niazee hoo.

Unhaan naal kee hoiaa,
Jinhaan Yaar na rakhiaa raazee hoo.

The saddle may be old, it’s girth worn,
But an Arabian horse will not go unnoticed.*

With the beat of a drum has entered my heart,**
And look! What a wondrous game he has played:

My heart was stirred to its very depth,
When I looked into his gracious eyes.

Ask not the fate of those, O Bahu,
Who could not earn the pleasure of the beloved Friend.

*

(An Arabian horse, in terms of its speed and agility, symbolizes the all-

powerful Word or Kalma, of which the Master is a physical manifestation).

* *

(Beat of a drum signifies the holy Sound – the Word or Shabd. Whenever the Master manifests himself within a disciple he is invariably accompanied by the Sound).

(49)

توں تاں جاگ نہ جاگ فقیرا انت نوں لوڑ جگایا ھُو

اَکھیں میٹیاں نہ دِل جاگے جاگے مطلب پایا ھُو

ایہہ نکتہ جداں پُختہ کیتا ظاہر آکھ سُنایا ھُو

میں تاں بُھلّی ویندی باھُو مُرشد راہ وِکھایا ھُو

Toon taan jaag na jaag faqeeraa,
Larhen ant jagaaiaa hoo.

Akheen meetiaan dil na jaage,
Jaage matlab paaiaa hoo.

Eh nuktaa jad pukhtaa keetaa,
Zaahir aakh sunaaiaa hoo.

Main taan bhullee vaindee Baahoo,
Murshid raah vikhaaiaa hoo.

You may or may not wake up now, O faqir;
But you will wake up to reality in the end.

Your heart will not awaken,
By merely sitting with eyes closed-
It will awaken when you realize the goal,

When I attained my ultimate objective,
I proclaimed it to the world.

But on my own I would have still been lost, O Bahu,
Were it not for my Master showing me the way.

(50)

ثابت صِدق تے قدم اَگیرے تاں ای رب لَبھیوے ہُو
لُوں لُوں دے وِچ ذِکر اللّٰہ دا ہر دَم پیا پَڑھیوے ہُو
ظاہر باطن عین عیانی ہُو ہُو پیا سُنِیوے ہُو
نام فقیر تِنہاں دا باہُو قَبر جِنہاں دی جیوے ہُو

Saabat sidaq, te kadam agere,
Taaeen Rabb labheeve hoo.

Loon loon de wich zikr Allaah daa,
Hardam piaa parhheeve hoo.

Zaahir batin ain-ayaanee,
Hoo hoo piaa suneeve hoo.

Naam faqeer tinhaan da Baahoo,
Qabar jinhaan dee jeeve hoo.

Be steadfast in your faith, bold in your step;
Only then will you find God.

Every pore of your body will repeat the Name of Allah,
With every breath of your life.

Both within yourself and without You
will then hear the reverberating strains of Hu.

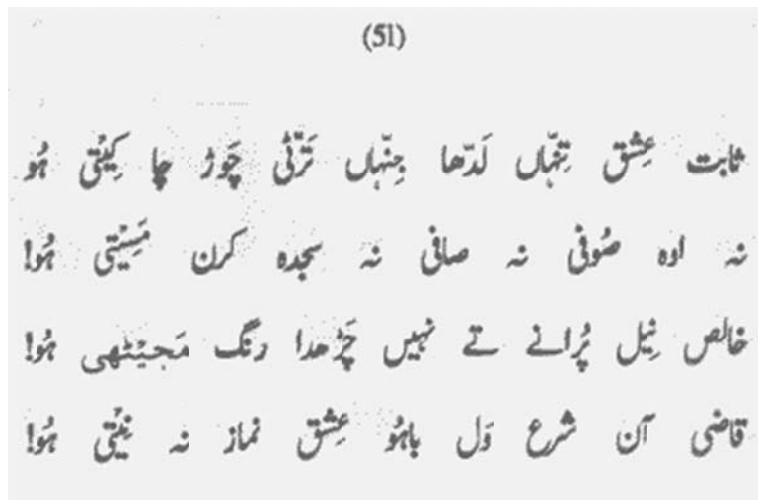
Only they may be called faqirs, O Bahu,
Whose very graves breathe Life.

(51)

ثابت عشق تنہاں لدّھا جنّہاں ترٹی چوڑ چا کیتی ہو

نہ اوہ صوفی نہ صافی نہ سجدہ کرن مسیتی ہو!

خالص نیل پرانے تے نہیں چڑھدا رنگ مجیٹھی ہو!

قاضی آن شرع دل باہو عشق نماز نہ نیتی ہو!

Saabat ishq tinhaan ne laddhaa,
Trattee chaurh jain keetee hoo.

Na oh soofee, na oh saafee,
Na sajdaa karan maseetee hoo.

Khaalis neel puraane utte,
Na charhdaa rang majeethee hoo.

Qaazee aan sharaa wal Baahoo,
Ishq namaaz na neetee hoo.

They alone are blessed with true love,
Who have sacrificed their all for their Beloved.

They may not be Sufis nor be Safis;
They may not prostrate themselves in temples.

Those who are dyed deep in the indigo of religion,
Will never accept the crimson of God's love:

Priests are stuck in rituals, O Bahu;
They have never learned to prostrate themselves in love.

(52)

جال جلیندیاں جنگل بھوندیاں ہکا گل نہ پکی ہو
چلے چلیہے حج گزاریاں دل دی دوڑ نہ ڈکی ہو
تریہے روزے پنج نمازاں ایہہ بھی پڑھ پڑھ تھکی ہو
سبھے مراداں حاصل باہو نظر مہر دی تکی ہو

Jal jalende jangal bhuande,
Hikkaa gall na pakkee hoo.

Challee-e makke hajj guzaaran,
Dil dee daurh na dakkee hoo.

Treehe roze panj namaazaan,
Eh bhee parhh parhh thakkee hoo.

Sabhe muraadaan haasil hoeeaan,
Jaan nazar mehar dee takkee hoo.

I prayed standing in water;
I roamed the forests in search of God,
But I failed to ascertain that ‘one thing’.

I went on pilgrimage to Mecca,
But I could not stop the wondering of my mind.

I fasted for thiry days,
I spent myself Offering prayers five times a day.

But all I had longed for was fulfilled, O Bahu,
When my Master cast his merciful glance on me.

(53)

ج - جاں ذات نہ تھیوے باہُو تاں کم ذات سَدیوے ہُو
ذاتی نال صفاتی ناہیں تاں تاں حق لَبھیوے ہُو
اندر بھی ہُو باہر بھی ہُو باہُو کِتھ لَبھیوے ہُو
جَیں اندر حُبّ دُنیا باہُو مُول فقیر نہ تھیوے ہُو

Jaan jaa zaat na theeve Baahoo,
Taan kamzaat sadeeve hoo.

Zaatee naal sifaatee naheen,
Taan taan Haqq labheeve hoo.

Andar bhee hoo baahir bhee hoo,
Baahii kith labheeve hoo.

Jainde andar hubb duneeaa dee,
Mool faqeer na theeve hoo.

A heart that fails To experience the presence of the divine,
Will continue to be poorly evolved, O Bahu!

But when the Essence is freed from its attributes,
The presence of God becomes evident.

Then Hu resounds within and without;
No trace of Bahu can be found- he is lost in Hu!

No one who entertains love of the world,
Can ever become a faqir.

(54)

جب لگ خودی کریں خود نفسوں تب لگ رب نہ پاویں ہُو

شرط فنا نوں جانیں ناہیں نام فقیر رکھاویں ہُو

موئے باجھ نہ سوہندی الفی اینویں گل وِچ پاویں ہُو

نام فقیر تد سوہندا باہُو جیوندیاں مرجاویں ہُو

Jab lag khudee karen khud nafson,
Tab lag Rabb na paaven hoo.

Shart fanaa noon jaanen naaheen,
Naam faqeer rakhaaven hoo.

Moe baajh na sohndee alfee,
Aiven gal wich paaven hoo.

Naam faqeer tadaan hee sohndaa,
Jad jeevandiaan mar javen hoo.

As long as you proudly pamper your ego,
You will not realize God.

You call yourself a faqir,
Yet you don’t even know how to dissolve your self in God!

If you don’t kill your self first,
The clock of piety you wear will never suit you.

The name ‘faqir’ will benefit you, O Bahu,
Only when you die while you are still alive.

(55)

جتھے رتی عشق وکاوے منّاں ایمان دویوے ہو
کتب کتاباں ورد وظیفے اوتر چا پکیوے ہو
باجھوں مرشد کجھ نہ حاصل راتیں جاگ پڑھیوے ہو
مریئے مرن تھیں اگے باہو تاں رب حاصل تھیوے ہو

Jitthe rattee ishq vike uth,
Manaan imaan na dheeve hoo.

Kutab, kitabaan, vird, vazeefe,
Autar chaa kacheeve hoo.

Baajhon murshid kujh na haasil,
Raateen jaag parhheeve hoo.

Maree-e maran theen agge Baahoo,
Taan Rabb haasil theeve hoo.

In the court of the Lord, an ounce of love,
Weighs more than tons of religios faith.

Reading of scriptures, worship and rituals,
Are all barren and fruitless practise.

Without a Master nothing will be achieved,
Even if you read your own prayers the whole night long.

Only if you die before your death, O Bahu,
Will you attain God.

(56)

جد دا مرشد کاسہ دِتڑا تد دی بے پرواہی ہو
کیہ ہویا جے راتیں جاگے مرشد جاگ نہ لائی ہو
راتیں جاگیں کریں عبادت نِندریا ڈینہ پرائی ہو
کُوڑا تخت دُنیا دا باہُو فقر سچی بادشاہی ہو

Jad daa murshid kaazaa ditrhaa,
Tad dee beparvaahee hoo.

Kee hoiaa je raateen jaagen,
Murshid jaag na laaee hoo.

Raateen jaagen karen ibaadat,
Nindiaa karen paraaee hoo.

Koorha takht duneeaa daa Baahoo,
Faqar sacchee patshaahee hooo.

Ever since my Master gave me,
To drink from his cup of nectar,
I have become carefree-indifferent to the world.

If a Master has not initiated you into God’s mystery,
Keeping awake to pray at night will avail you nothing.

All night you spend in prayer and worship,
All day you indulge in slanderous talk.

The power and authority of the world is false,
O Bahu! True is the sovereignty of the faqir!

(57)

جس دِل اسم اللہ دا چمکے عشق بھی کردا ہَلّے ہُو

بھر کستوری چھُپدے ناہیں دے رکھیے سَے پَلّے ہُو

اُنگلیں پچھے دِینہ نہیں چھُپدے دریا نہ رہندے ٹھَلّے ہُو

اسیں اوسے وچ اوہ اساں وچ باہو یار سُولّے ہُو

Jis dil ism Allaah daa chamke,
Ishq bhee kardaa halle hoo.

Bhaar kastooree chhupdaa naaheen,
De rakhee-e sai palle hoo.

Ungaleen pichhe denh na chhupdaa,
Dariaa na rahe thalle hoo.

Aseen us wich, oh asaan wich,
Yaaraan yaar savalle hoo.

Love flourishes in that heart,
In which glows the Name of God.

The love of God is like the fragrance of musk –
Even a thousand wrappings cannot hold it in;

Or like the sun, which cannot be hid behind one's fingers,
Or like a river that cannot be stopped in its course.

My Friend is in me, in my Friend am I;
There is no distance left between us.

(58)

جنگل دے وچ شیر مریلا باز پوے وچ گھر دے ہو
عشق جیہا صراف نہ کوئی کج نہ چھوڑے زر دے ہو
عاشقاں نیندر بھکھ نہ کائی عاشق مول نہ مردے ہو
عاشق جیندے تداں باہو جد صاحب اگے سردھر دے ہو

Jangal de wich sher marelaa,
Baaz pave wich ghar de hoo.

Ishq jehaa sarraaf na koee,
Khot na chhadde zar de hoo.

Aashiq neendar bhukh na kaaee,
Aashiq mool na marde hoo.

Aashiq soee jeende dehrhe,
Rabb agge sir dharde hoo.

Like a lion that kills in the forest,
And a hawk that preys in the farmland.

Love destroys all impurites of the heart,
Better than a goldsmith can purify gold.

Lovers are always awake –
They are free from appetites of the flesh,
And they have conquered death.

But only those lovers are truly alive, O Bahu,
Who offer their heads at the altar of God.

(59)

جنہاں شوہ الف تھیں پایا پھول قرآن نہ پڑھدے ھُو
مارن دم محبت والا دُور ہویونیں پردے ھُو
دوزخ بہشت غلام تنہاں دے چا کیتونیں بردے ھُو
قربان تنہاں دے باھُو جیہڑے وحدت دے وچ وڑدے ھُو

Jinhaan shauh alif theen paaiaa,
Phol Quraan na parhhde hoo.

Maaran dam muhabbat waala,
Door hoeo nen parde hoo.

Dozakh bahisht ghulaam tinhaan de,
Chaa keetone barde hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan de jehrhe,
Wahadat de wich varhde hoo.

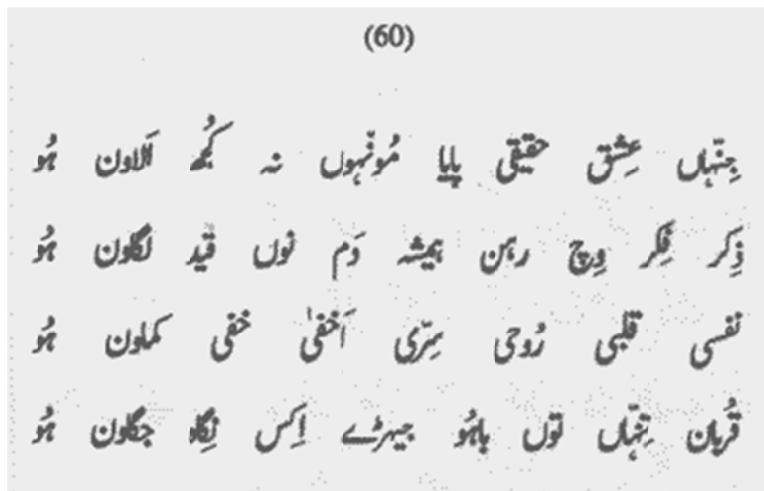
Those who have found the Lord,
Through their contemplation on Alif,
Do not read the holy Qur'an.

They live by the love of God,
As the veil of ignorance is lifted from their eyes.

Even heaven and hell wait on them,
Becoming their very slaves.

I sacrifice myself to those, O Bahu,
Who merge themselves in the oneness of God.

(60)

جنہاں عشق حقیقی پایا مونہوں نہ کجھ الاون ہو
ذکر فکر وچ رہن ہمیشہ دم نوں قید لگاون ہو
نفسی قلبی روحی سری اخفی خفی کماون ہو
قربان تنہاں توں باہو جیہڑے اکس نگاہ جگاون ہو

Jinhaan ishq haqeeqee paaiaa,
Moohon na alaavan hoo.

Zikar fikar wich raihan hameshaa,
Dam noon qaid lagaavan hoo.

Nafsee, qalbee, roohee, sirree,
Akhfee, khafee, kamaavan hoo

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton,
Jehrhe Hikkas nigaah jivaavan hoo.

Those who are blessed with God's love,
Utter not a word about their condition.

Absorbed in his love, they dedicate Every breath of their lives,
To remembrance and contemplation of him.

Their minds, hearts, bodies and souls,
Are all engaged in the inner mystic practice.

I sacrifice myself to those Masters, O Bahu,
Who, with but one glance, Infuse life into dead hearts.

(61)

جو پاکی بِن پَاک ماہی دے پاکی جان پَلیتی ہُو
ہِک بُت خانے واصل ہوئے ہِک خالی رہے میستی ہُو
عِشق دی بازی لئی جِنّہاں سِر دیندیاں ڈِھل نہ کیتی ہُو
دوست نہ مِلدا باہُو جِنّہاں تَرٹّی چوڑ نہ کیتی ہُو

Jo paakee bin ishq maahee,
So paakee jaan paleetee hoo.

Hik butkhaane waasil hoe,
Hik khaalee rahe maseetee hoo.

Ishq dee baazee unhaan laaee,
Jinh sir den dhil na keetee hoo.

Hargiz dost na mildaa,
Jinhaan Trattee chaurh na keetee hoo.

Someone who is chaste by does not love the Lord,
Is pollutred in both mind and spirit.

Some achieve union in the idol house [of their hearts],
While others continue to be isolated in the mosque.*

Only those who radily offer their heads,
To the alter of God win the game of love.

Those who have not sacrificed their all for the Friend,
Will never meet him, O Bahu!

*

(In Muslim belief a mosque is the house of God, whereas an idol house is a symbol of heresy because praying to an idol is considered a sin against God. In Sufi literature 'Idol temple' is used as a metaphor for the eye centre, the spiritual heart, which contains the radiant image of the Master, the object of inner worship).

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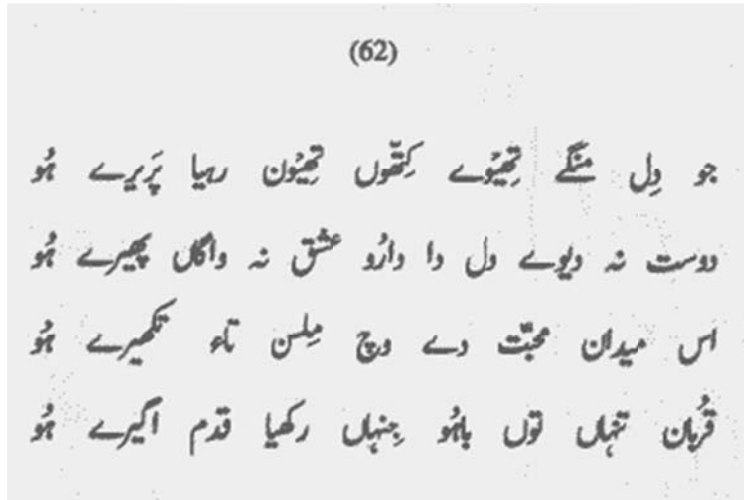
November 14, 2009 by qausain

(62)

جو دِل منگے تھیوے کتھوں تھیوں رہیا پریرے ھُو
دوست نہ دیوے دل دا دارُو عشق نہ واگاں پھیرے ھُو
اس میدان محبّت دے وچ مِلسن تاء تکھیرے ھُو
قُربان تنہاں توں باھُو جنہاں رکھیا قدم اگیرے ھُو

**Jo dil mange hove naaheen,
Hovan rahiaa parere hoo.**

**Dost na deve dil daa daaroo,
Ishq na vaagaan phere hoo.**

**Is maidaan muhabbat de wich,
Milde taa tikhere hoo.**

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton Baahoo,
Jinh rakhiaa qadam agree hoo.

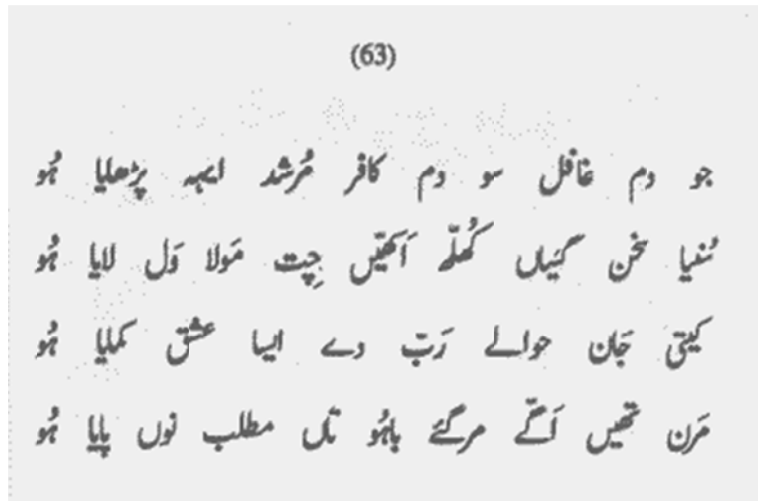
What the heart desires it does not find;
Far distant remains its fulfillment:

The Friend does not dispense the balm for my heart;
The heart suffers but love does not accede,

While in the arena of love, rages the fire of longing!

I sacrifice myself to anyone, O Bahu, who,
Having once stepped on to the path of love, Always moves ahead.

(63)

جو دم غافل سو دم کافر مُرشد ایہہ پڑھایا ھُو
سُنیا سخن گئیاں کُھلّ اَکھیں چِت مَولا وَل لایا ھُو
کیتی جَان حوالے رَبّ دے ایسا عشق کمایا ھُو
مَرن تھیں اَگّے مرگئے باھُو تَاں مطلب نوں پایا ھُو

Jo dam ghaafil so dam kaafir,
Murshid eh parhhaaiaa hoo.

Suniaa sukhan gaeeaan khul akheen,
Chit maulaa wal laaiaa hoo.

Keetee jaan havaale Rabb de,
Aisaa ishq kamaaiaa hoo.

Maran ton agge mar gae Baahoo,
Taan matalab noon paaiaa hoo.

My Master taught me a lesson:
"Any moment you are negligent in remembrance of God is a moment spent in denial of God."

These words opened my eyes to reality,
And I fixed my attention on the Lord.

I then placed my soul in his protection-
Such was the love I cultivated in my heart.

Having thus bequeathed my soul to him,
I died before death – to live in him. Only then did I attain the goal of life, O Bahu!

(64)

جے توں چاہیں وحدت رب دی مَل مُرشد دیاں تَلیاں ہُو
مُرشد لُطفوں کرے نظارہ گُل تھیون سب کلیاں ہُو
گلاں وِچوں اِک لالہ ہوسی گُل نازک گُل پھلیاں ہُو
دوہیں جہانیں مُٹھے باہُو جنہاں سنگ دڈھ ڈلیاں ہُو

Je toon chaahen wahadat Rabb dee,
Mal murshid deeaan taleeaan hoo.

Murshid lutfon kare nazaaraa,
Gul theevan sab kaleeaan hoo.

Inhaan wich hik laalaa hosee,
Gul naazuk kul phaleeaan hoo.

Doheen jahaneen multthe,
jinhaan Sang keetaa do daleeaan hoo.

If you desire to attain the oneness of God,
Submit yourself at the Master's feet.

When the Master casts his merciful glance on you,
The buds of mystery will unfold Into the blossoms of revelation.

Among them will be the scarlet poppy*
In whose delicate petals will shine a subtle mystery.

Those divided in their loyalties, half-hearted in their approach
Will be deprived in both the worlds, O Bahu.

*

(The secret poppy is compared to a lover's heart owing its colour, delicate petals and dark spot in the centre which signifies burning in separation. This dark spot also symbolizes nuqta-i-suvaida, the eye of the heart, the third eye).

(65)

جے رب نہاتیاں دھوتیاں مِلدا مِلدا ڈڈواں مچھیاں ھُو
جے رب مِلدا مون مُنایاں مِلدا .بھیڈاں سسیاں ھُو
جے رب جتیاں ستیاں مِلدا، مِلدا ڈانڈاں خصیاں ھُو
رب اوہناں نوں مِلدا باھُو نیتاں جنہاں اچھیاں ھُو

Je Rabb nahaatiaan dhotiaan mildaa,
Mildaa dadooaan machheeaan hoo.

Je Rabb mildaa mon munaaiaan,
Mildaa bhedan sassiaan hoo.

Je Rabb jateeaan sateeaan mildaa,
Mildaa daandaan khasseeaan hoo.

Rabb unhaan noon mildaa Baahoo,
Neetaan jinhaan achheeaan hoo.

If God could be found by bathing in holy waters,
Frogs and fish would find him.

If God were realized by cutting off your hair,
Sheep and goats, which are shorn for their wool, Would realize him too.

If God were found through nightly vigils,
bats and owls would find him.

If God could be found through calibacy,
Castrated bulls should also discover him.

God is realized by those, O Bahu,
Who are pure of heart, noble of intent.

(66)

ج۔ جِس الف مطالعہ کیتا ب دا باب نہ پڑھدا ھُو
چھوڑ صفاتی لَدُھس ذاتی عامی دُور چا کردا ھُو
نَفس امّارہ کُتڑا جانے ناز نیاز نہ دَھردا ھُو
کیا پَروا تِنہّاں باھُو جِنّھ گھاڑُو لَدّھا گھر دا ھُو

Jisne alif mutaaliaa keetaa,
Be daa baab na parhdaa hoo.

Chhorh sifaatee jis laddios zaatee,
Aamee door chaa karda hoo.

Nafs ammaaraa kutrhaa jaane,
Naaz niaaz na dhardaa hoo.

Kiaa parvaah tinhaan noon,
Jinhaan Ghaarhoo laddhaa ghar daa hoo.

One who has grasped the meaning of Alif,
Need not proceed to read the chapter of bey*

One who has obtained the true Name of God
Will discard the names that simply describe him.

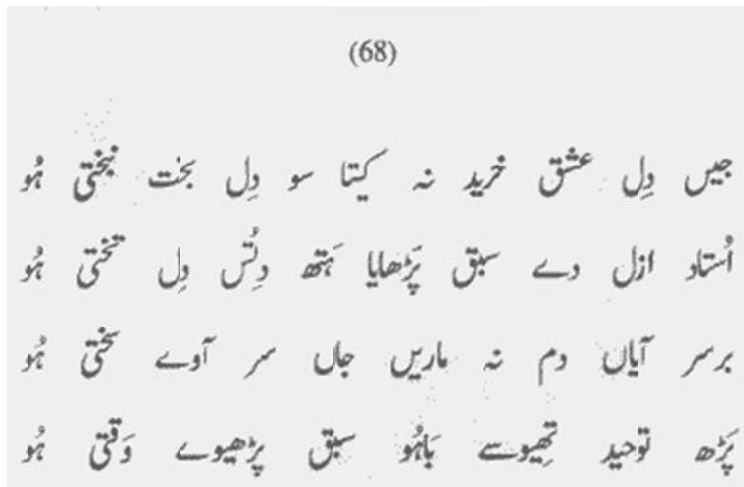
He does not feed and pamper the cruel dog of his ego.

They are free of all care, O Bahu, Who have the Master in their home
To fashion the ornament of their soul.

*

(Bey (Pronounced 'bay') is the second letter of the Arabic, Persian and Urdu alphabets. Here it means all knowledge that is other than God's, who is symbolized by Alif, the first letter. See also the footnote of Bait 28).

(68)

جیں دِل عشق خرید نہ کیتا سو دِل بخت نبختی ہُو
اُستاد ازل دے سبق پڑھایا ہَتھ دِتُس دِل تختی ہُو
برسر آیاں دم نہ ماریں جاں سر آوے سختی ہُو
پڑھ توحید تھِیوسے باہُو سبق پڑھیوے وَقتی ہُو

**Jain dil ishq khareed na keetaa,
So dil sakht na-bakhtee hoo.**

**Ustaad azal de sabaq parhhaaiaa,
Hath dittas dil takhtee hoo.**

**Bar sar aaiaan dam na maareen,
Jaan aave sir sakhtee hoo.**

**Parhh tauheed ho waasil Baahoo,
Sabaq parhheeve waqtee hoo.**

Ill-starred is the heart That has not struck the bargain of love.

My timeless Teacher has insribed this lesson
On the tablet of my heart:

“Be not vain when you taste success;
make no complaint when times prove hard.

Learn the lesson of oneness and merge in God, O Bahu-
The lesson only a living Master can teach.”

(69)

جیں دِل عِشق خرید نہ کیتا سو دِل درد نہ پھٹی ہُو
اُس دِل تھیں سنگ پتھر چنگے جو دِل غفلت اٹی ہُو
جیں دِل عشق حضور نہ منگیا سو درگاہوں سٹی ہُو
مِلیا دوست نہ باہُو جنھاں چوڑ نہ کیتی تَرٹی ہُو

Jain dil ishq khareed na keetaa,
So dil dard na phuttee hoo.

Us dil theen sang patthar change,
Jis dil ghaflat attee hoo.

Jain dil ishq huzoor na mangiaa,
So dargaahon suttee hoo.

Miliaa dost na unhaan,
Jinhaan Chaurh na keetee trattee hoo.

The heart that has not struck the bargain of love
Remains bereft of the pain of longing.

A stone is better than the heart
That is stuck in the mire of apathy.

The heart that does not seek God's loving presence
Will be cast out of his courst.

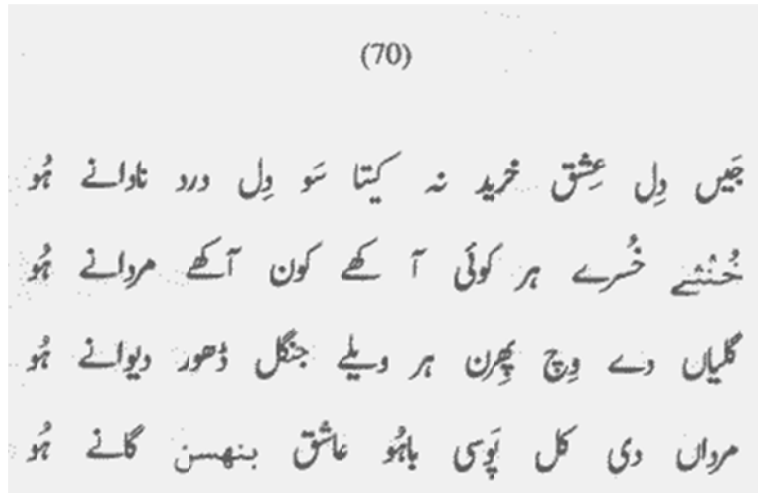
You cannot find the Friend, O Bahu,
If you have not sacrificed your all for him.

(70)

جیں دِل عِشق خرید نہ کیتا سو دِل درد ناوانے ہُو

خُنثے خُسرے ہر کوئی آکھے کون آکھے مردانے ہُو

گلیاں دے وِچ پھِرن ہر ویلے جنگل ڈھور دیوانے ہُو

مرداں دی کل پَوسی باہُو عاشق بنھسن گانے ہُو

Jain dil ishq khareed na keeta,
So dil dard na jaane hoo.

Khunse khusre har koee aakhe,
Kaun kahe mardaane hoo.

Galeeaan wich phiran arbele,
Jion danger deevaane hoo.

Mard namard tadaaheen khulsan,
Jad aashiq banhsan gaane hoo.

Hearts that have not struck the bargain of love
Cannot know the pangs of longing.

They will always be labelled spiritually impotent.
Who will consider them ‘men of God’?

Aimlessly they roam the alleyways of life,
Like cattle dumb and stupid.
When lovers tie the wrist bands of commitment*

Before entering the arena of love,
It will be clear who is a man of God And who a mere pretender.

*
(In some parts of India it is the custom to tie wrist bands on those entering battle).

(71)

جیں دینہ دا میں در تینڈے تے سجدہ گی ونج کیتا ہو
اس دینہ دا سر فدا اُٹھائیں میں بیا در نہ لیتا ہو
سِر دیون سِرّ آکھن ناہیں شوق پیالہ پیتا ہو
قربان تنہاں توں باہو جنہاں عشق سلامت کیتا ہو

Jain denh daa main dar tainde te,
Sajdaa sahee vanj keetaa hoo.

Us denh daa fidaa uthaaheen,
Bayaa darbaar na leetaa hoo.

Sir devan sirr aakhan naheen,
Shauq piaalaa peetaa hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton jinhaan,
Ishq salaamat keetaa hoo.

Ever since I correctly bowed my head*
At your doorstep, O Lord,

I have dedicated my life to your court –
I have sought no other court since.

Once you have drunk from the cup of love,
You would rather part with your head.

Than the secret of your heart, O Bahu,
I make myself a sacrifice to anyone
Who has preserved God's love with his life.
*
(By correctly bowing one's head in prayer, Bahu means meditating according to the instructions of one's Master).

(72)

جیوندے کِیہ جانن سار مویاں دی سو جانے جو مردا ھُو

قبراں دے وچ اَن نہ پانی خرچ لوڑیندا گھر دا ھُو

اِک وچھوڑا ماں پیو بھائیاں بیا عذاب قبر دا ھُو

وَاہ نصیبہ باھُو جیہڑا وِچ حیاتی مر دا ھُو

Jeenda kee jaanan saar moiaan dee,
So jaane jo mardaa hoo.

Qabraan de wich ann na paanee,
Kharch lorheendaa ghar daa hoo.

Ikk vichhorha maan pio bhaaeeaan,
Biaa azaab qabar daa hoo.

Waah naseebaa usdaa jehrha,
Wich hayaatee mardaa hoo.

How can the living know the plight of the dead?
He alone knows who himself has died!

The grave provides no food, no drink,
No provisions for the new home.*

To one's separation from paretns and relatives
There is the added torment of the grave.

How fortunate is he, O Bahu,
Who can die while still alive!

*

(Provisions: We can only have available to us after death what we have

earned during our lives through our prayers and our actions – good, as well as bad. In other words, we carry our own provisions into the world beyond).

(73)

جیونڈیاں مر رہنا ہووے ویس فقیراں بہیئے ہُو
جے کوئی سُٹے گودڑ کوڑا وانگ اروڑی سہیئے ہُو
گلہ اُلاہمبا بھنڈی خواری یار دے پاروں سہیئے ہُو
قادر دے ہتھ ڈور اساڈی باہو رکھے تیوں رہیئے ہُو

Jeevandiaan mar raihanaa hove,
Taan des faqeeraan bahe-e hoo.

Je koee sutte guddarh koorha,
Vaang arooree rahee-e hoo.

Je koee deve gaalaan mehne,
Usnoon jee jee kahee-e hoo.

Gila, ulaahmaan, bhandee,
Khwaaree, Yaar de paaron sahee-e hoo.

Qaadir de hath dor asaadi,
Jion rakkhe tion rahee-e hoo.

If you wish to learn the art of dying while living,
Go and sit in the company of mystics.

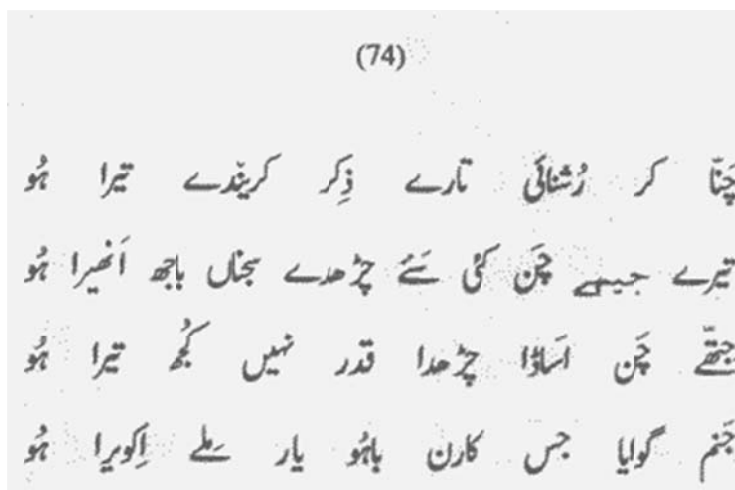
If someone splatters you with dirt,
Be like a dung hill, take it without reproach.

Let them hurl abuse at you – accept it in humility.

Bear complaints, censure, blame, calumny with patience –
For the sake of the Beloved.

Our strings are in the hands of Almighty;
Let us live in submission to his will.

(74)

چنّا کر رُشنائی تارے ذِکر کریندے تیرا ہُو
تیرے جیہے چن کئی سَے چڑھدے سجناں باجھ اَنھیرا ہُو
جتھے چن اَساڈا چڑھدا قدر نہیں کجھ تیرا ہُو
جنم گوایا جس کارن باہُو یار ملے اِکویرا ہُو

Charh channaan te kar rushnaaee,
Zikr karende teraa hoo.

Tere jahe chann kaee sai charhde,
Sajanaan bajh haneraa hoo.

Jithe chann asaadaa charhdaa,
Qadar naheen kujh teraa hoo.

Jis de kaaran janam gavaaiaa,
Yaar mile ik pheraa hoo.

Rise, o moon, and spread your light –
They are all fondly talking of you!

Even if thousands of moons like you were to rise,
Without my Friend I would still be in utter darkeness.

For, where my true Moon rises,
Your light will pale into insignificance.

May my beloved Friend, For whom I have sacrificed my life,
Come before me just once!

(75)

چڑھ چنّا تے کر رُشنائی ذِکر کریندے تارے ھُو
گلیاں دے وِچ پھِرن نمانے لعلاں دے ونجارے ھُو
شالا مُسافر کوئی نہ تھیوے ککھ جنہاں توں بھارے ھُو
تاڑی مار اُڈاوو نہ باھُو آپے اُڈن ھارے ھُو

Charh channaan te kar rushnaaee,
Zikr karende taare hoo.

Galeeaan de wich phiran nimaane,
Laalaan de vanjaare hoo.

Shaalaa koee na theeve musaafir,
Kakkh jinhaan ton bhaare hoo.

Taarhee maar udaa na saanoon,
Aape uddanhaare hoo.

Rise, O moon, And spread your light across the heavens;
The stars remember you in silent prayers,
Their hearts glimmering with hope.

Now like beggers, We roam the alleyways of earthly life,
When once in our own Homeland, We were merchants of rubies.

O, may no one ever have to leave his own home,
For one is not worth a piece of straw In this alien land!

They need not clap their hands To startle us out of this world, O Bahu;
We are already disposed to fly back To our long-lost Home.

(76)

حافظ پڑھ پڑھ کرن تکبّر مُلّاں کرن وَڈیائی ہُو
ساون ماہنہ دے بدلاں وانگوں پھِرن کتاباں چائی ہُو
جتھّے ویکھن چنگا چوکھا پڑھن کلام سوائی ہُو
دوہیں جہانیں مُٹھّے باہُو کھادھی وِیچ کمائی ہُو

Haafiz parhh parhh karan takabbur,
Mullaan karan vadaaee hoo.

Saavan maah de badalaan vaangoon,
Phiran kitaabaan chaaee hoo.

Jithe wekhan changaa chokhaa,
Parhhn kalaam savaaee hoo.

Doheen jahaaneen mutthe jinhaan,
Khaadhee wech kamaaee hoo.

The hafiz is proud of his learning,
The priest thrives on self-promotion.

Like monsoon clouds they're continously on the move
With books under their arms, selling their honour.

Wherever they find a promising household,
They read the scripture in loud, fervent strains For a lucrative commission.

O Bahu! They have put God's name on sale Just to make a living.
In this world they live spiritually bankrupt;
Stripped of all honor, they go to the one beyond.

(77)

خام کیہ جانن سار فقر دی مَحرم ناہیں دِل دے ھُو

آب مٹی تھیں پیدا ہوئے خامی بھانڈے گِل دے ھُو

قدر کیہ جانن لعل جواہراں جو سوداگر بِل دے ھُو

اِیمان سلامت باھُو جیہڑے بھَج فقراں مِلدے ھُو

Khaam keeh jaanan saar faqar dee,
Maihram naaheen dil de hoo.

Aab mittee theen paidaa hoe,
Khaamee bhaande gil de hoo.

Qadar keeh jaanan laal jawaahar,
Ho saudaagar bil de hoo.

So eemaan salaamat vaisan,
Bhajj faqeeraan milde hoo.

The uninitiated have no inkling Of the mystic way of life –
They know not the secrets of the heart.

They are always brittle and frail –
Like unbaked pots of clay.

Or they can be compared to glass merchants
Who know nothing Of the worth of rubies and diamonds.

Only ardent seekers of the company of mystics
Will remain steadfast in their faith.

(78)

د - دلے وچ دل جو آکھیں سو دِلدار دلیلوں ھُو
دل دا دَور آگوہاں کیجے کثرت کُنوں قلیلوں ھُو
قَلب کمال جمالوں جِسموں جوہر جاہ جلیلوں ھُو
قِبلہ قَلب منوّر باھُو خَلوت خاص خلیلوں ھُو

Daal dilaan wich dil jo aakhen,
So dil door daleelon hoo.

Dil daa daur agohaan keeje,
Kasrat kanon qaleelon hoo.

Qalb kamaal, jamaalon, jismon,
Jauhar jaah jaleelon hoo.

Qibla qalb munavvar hoiaa,
Khalwat khaas khaleelon hoo.

A heart among hearts:*
The heart that is sublime beyond comprehension.

When your heart advances in contemplation of God,
It will comprehend how there is unity in diversity.

The heart is the essence of divinity in man;
In form and beauty it is the symbol of perfection.

When I contemplated on my true Firend
In the privacy of my inner self,

The temple of my heart will illumined with his light.

*

(In Sufi parlance, the heart means the eye centre, the third eye, the spiritual heart of our very being)

(79)

درد اندر دا اندر ساڑے باہر کراں تاں گھائل ہُو
حال اساڈا کِویں اوہ جانن جو دنیا تے مائل ہُو
بحر سمندر عشقے والا ہر دم وَہندا حائل ہُو
پہنچ حُضور آسان نہ باہُو نام تیرے دے سائل ہُو

Dard andar daa andar saarhe,
Baahar karaan taan ghaayal hoo.

Haal asaadaa keeven jaanan,
Jo duneeaa te maayal hoo.

Baihar samundar ishqe waalaa,
Hardam raihandaa haayal hoo.

Pahunch huzoor aasaan na Baahoo,
Asaan naam tere de saayal hoo.

The pain in my heart burns me inside.
Were I to bare the wounds of my heart,
The sight would torment the hearts of others!

How can they whose hearts are smitten by this world
Ever understand my condition?

Between you and me, my Lord,
Surges ocean of love.

To reach your presence is no easy task for me!
I beg for your Name-to sail across to you.

(80)

درد منداں دا خُون جو پیندا برہوں باز مریلا ہُو

چھاتی دے وچ کیتُس ڈیرا شیر بیٹھا مَل بیلا ہُو

ہاتھی مست سندھورے وانگوں کردا پیلا پیلا ہُو

پیلے دا وسواس نہ باہُو پیلے باجھ نہ میلا ہُو

Dardmandaan daa khoon jo peendaa,
Birhon baaz marelaa hoo.

Chhaatee de wich keetos deraa,
Sher baithaa mal belaa hoo.

Haathee mast sandhooree caangoon,
Kardaa pelaa pelaa hoo.

Pele daa visvaas na keeje,
Pele baajh na melaa hoo.

The pain of separation is a deadly hawk:
It preys on lovers, it drinks their blood.

Like a lion ruling the forest
This hawk has made my heart its own domain.

Like an enraged rogue elephant,
It raises its trunk, it trumpets and it charges.

But do not fear the thrusts of this pain, O Bahu!
Without union with the Beloved is not possible.

(81)

دَرد منداں دے دُھوئیں دُھکھدے ڈردا کوئی نہ سیکے ھُو
ایہناں دھوئیاں دے تاء تکھیرے محرم ہووے تاں سیک لے ھُو
چھک شمشیر کھڑا ہے سِرتے ترس پوس تاں تھیکے ھُو
سر پر ساہورے وَنجنا باھُو سدا نہ رہنا پیکے ھُو

Dardmandaan de dhooen dhukhde,
Dardaa koee na seke hoo.

Ehnaan dhooiaan de taa tikhere,
Maihram hoe taan seke hoo.

Chhik shamsheer kharhaa hai sir te,
Taras pavas taan theke hoo.

Sauhre kurhee-e apne vanjanaa,
Sadaa na raihanaa peke hoo.

The hearts of lovers burn in the fire of longing-
No one dare sit by its searing flames!

This fire is sorching- Only someone who knows the heart's inner secrets
Will warm himself by it.

Death stands over your head, with his sword drawn-
May the Master take pity and sheathe death's blade!*

Every bride must eventually go to her bridegroom's home-
She cannot stay forever in her parents' house.**

*

(Only a Master, through his grace, can sheathe the sword of death and bestow immortality).

**

(In India, the bride traditionally moves into the bridegroom's home on the wedding day. In Bahu's metaphor, the soul is the bride which must, on her wedding day, accompany death (the bridegroom) from this world, which she has wrongly come to consider as her own home).

(82)

درد مندّاں دیاں آہیں کولوں پَتھر پہاڑ دے جھڑ دے ہُو
دَرد مندّاں دیاں آہیں کولوں نَانگ زمیں وچ وَڑ دے ہُو
دَرد منداں دیاں آہیں کولوں اَسمانوں تارے جھَڑ دے ہُو
درد منداں دیاں آہیں کولوں باہُو مُول نہ ڈَر دے ہُو

Dardmandaan dee aaheen kolon,
Pathar pahaarh de jharhde hoo.

Dardmandaan dee aaheen ton,
Bhajj naag zameen wich varhde hoo.

Dardmandaan dee aaheen ton,
Asmaanon taare jharhde hoo.

Dardmandaan dee aaheen kolon,
Aashiq mool na darde hoo.

Faced with the sighs of lovers,
Even mountains crumble to earth.

Faced with the sighs of lovers,
Even deadly snakes flee to their holes.

The sighs of lovers cause the stars
To tumble from the heavens above.

Faced with the sighs of lovers,
Only the lovers remain steadfast.

Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu – 5/10

(83)

دِل بازار تے مُنّہ دروازہ سِینہ شہر ڈسیندا ھُو
رُوح سوداگر نفس ہے راہزن حق دا راہ مریندا ھُو
جاں توڑی ایہہ نفس نہ ماریں تاں ایہہ وقت کھڑیندا ھُو
کردا ضائعا ویلا باھُو جاں جاں تاک مریندا ھُو

Dil baazaar te moonh darvaazaa,
Seenaa shaihar daseendaa hoo.

Rooh saudaagar, nafs hai rahzan,
Haqq daa raah marendaa hoo.

Jaan torhee eh nafs na maaren,
Taan eh waqt kharhendaa hoo.

Kardaa zaae welaa Baahoo,
Jaan noon taak marendaa hoo.

The human body is a magnificent city –
The heart is its bazaar, the mouth its gate.

The soul is a merchant, the ego is a highwayman
Who robs her on her way to God.

If you do not destroy this ego,
It will destroy your life’s great opportunity:

It will make you waste your presious days, O Bahu.
It will shut tight the door to eternal life.

(84)

دِل تے دفتر وحدت والا دائم کریں مُطالِعہ ہُو
ساری عُمرا پڑھدیاں گزری جہّلاں دے وچ جالیا ہُو
اِکو اِسم اَللہ دا ویکھیں ایہو سبق کمالیا ہُو
جہان غُلام تِنہاں دے باہُو جیں دِل اللہ سَنبھالیا ہُو

Dil te daftar wahadat waalaa,
Daayam kareen mutaaliaa hoo.

Saaree umraan parhhdiaan guzree,
Jaihalaan de wich jaaliaa hoo.

Ikko Ism Allaah daa rakkeen,
Eho sabaq kamaaliaa hoo.

Doven jahaan ghulaam tinhaan de,
Jain sil Rabb sambhaaliaa hoo.

Unity is written on the tablet of your heart –
You should continue studying that tablet for eternity.

You have spent a lifetime reading scriptures
And soncumed yourself in this pursuit of ignorance.

You only have to remember the one Word of God-
And keep on practising that one Word.

Those who enshrine the Lord in their hearts, O Bahu,
Have both the worlds at their command.

(85)

دِل دریا خواجہ دیاں لہراں گھُمّن گھیر ہزاراں ھُو
وہین دلیلاں وِچ فِکر دے بے حد بے شُماراں ھُو
ہِک پردیسیں نیونہہ لگا دُوجا بے سمجھی دیاں ماراں ھُو
ہسّن کھیڈن بھُلّیا باھُو عِشق چنگھیاں دھاراں ھُو

Dil dariaa khwaajaa deeaan laihraan,
Ghumman gher hazaaran hoo.

Raihan daleelaan wich fikar de,
Behad beshumaaraan hoo.

Hik pardesee dooaa nihon laggaa,
Treeaa besamajhee deeaan maaraan hoo.

Hassan khedan bhulliaa Baahoo,
Ishq chunghaaeeaan dhaaraan hoo.

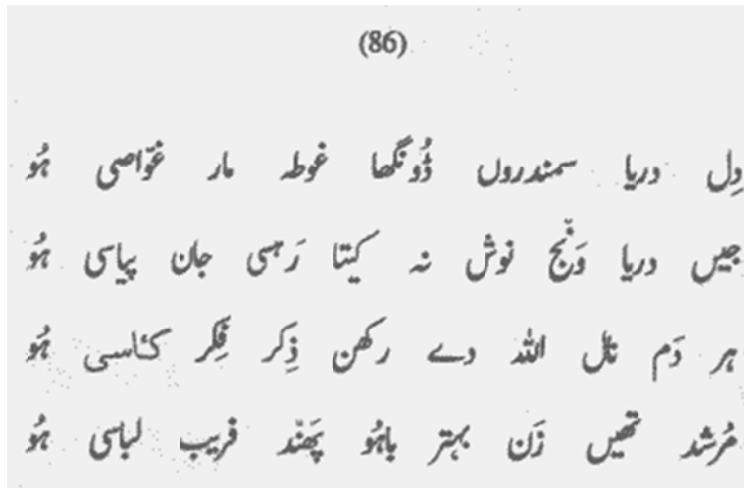
In the ocean of my heart
Arise the waves of my Master’s grace.

In it appear whirlpools, in it blow fierce gales
Of the countless thoughts and arguments
That hamper my contemplation of the Lord.

I am in an alien land, where I find no support.
To add to my woes, I have fallen in love!

My lack of maturity, my inexperiance,
Aggravate my plight, and yet- Ever since I tasted love, O Bahu,
I have lost all taste For worldly play and merry-making.

(86)

دِل دریا سمندروں ڈُونگھا غوطہ مار غوّاصی ھُو
جیں دریا وَنج نوش نہ کیتا رَہسی جان پیاسی ھُو
ہر دَم نال اللہ دے رکھن ذِکر فِکر کناسی ھُو
مُرشد تھیں زَن بہتر باھُو پھَند فریب لباسی ھُو

Dil dariaa samundron doonghaa,
Ghotaa maar ghavaasee hoo.

Jain dariaa vanj nosh na keetaa,
Raihsee jaan piaasee hoo.

Hardam naal Allaah de rakkhan,
Zikr fikr de aasee hoo.

Us murshid theen zan behtar,
Baahoo, jo phand fareb libaasee hoo

The heart is deeper than the ocean;
Dive deep into it, O seeker, and explore!

Drink the water of life from this ocean,
Or your soul will always remain thristy.

Those who contemplate on the Lord,
Devoting every breath of their lives
To his remembrance, Will always keep him in their hearts.

The company of a seductress is less corrupting
Than that of an ignorant teacher
Who deceives in the grab of piety, O Bahu!

(87)

دِل دریا سمندروں ڈُونگھے کون دِلاں دیاں جانے ھُو
وِچّے بیڑے وِچّے جھیرے وِچّے ونجھ مُہانے ھُو
چوداں طبق دِلے دے اندر تنبُو وانگوں تانے ھُو
دِل دا محرم ہووے باھُو سوئی رَبّ پچھانے ھُو

Dil dariaa samundron doonghe,
Kaun dilaan dee jane hoo

Wiche berhe, wiche jherhe,
Wiche vanjh muhaane hoo

Chaudaan tabq dile de andar,
Tamboo vaangan taane hoo

Joee dil daa maihram hove,
Soee Rabb pachhaane hoo

English translation of Kalam-e-Bahu

The heart is deeper than the ocean –
Who can fathom its mysteries?

Storms come and go on its surface,
While fleets sail through it,
Their crews wielding their oars.

Inside the heart are the fourteen realms,
Stretched like canvas tents.

Only the on who knows These deeper secrets of the heart
Can know the Creator, O Bahu!

(88)

دِل کالیوں مُنہ کالا چنگا جے کوئی اس نوں جانے ہُو
مُنہ کالا دِل اچھا ہووے تاں دِل یار پچھانے ہُو
ایہ دِل یار دے پچھے ہووے متاں یار وی کدی پچھانے ہُو
چھوڑ مسیتاں نٹھے باہُو لگے نین ٹکانے ہُو

Dil kaale ton moonh kaalaa changaa,
Je koee usnoon jaane hoo.

Moonh kaalaa dil achhaa hove,
Taan dil yaar pachhaane hoo.

Eh dil yaar de pichhe hoe,
Taan yaar vee kadee pachhaane hoo.

Aalim chhorh maseetaan natthe,
Jad lagge dil tikaane hoo.

Black skin is better than a black heart-
Just think about it.

Though the face is black, let the heart be pure,
For it is the heart that identifies with the Friend.

The heart that constantly pursues the Beloved Will,
in time, receive the nod of recognition.

The scholars flee their mosques, O Bahu,
When their hearts are touched by God’s love.

(89)

د - دلیلاں چھوڑ وجُوووں ہو ہُشیار فقیرا ہُو

بَنّھ تَوکّل پَنچھی اُڈدے پَلّے خرچ نہ زِیرہ ہُو

روزی روز اُڈ کھان ہمیشہ کردے نہیں ذخیرہ ہُو

مَولا خرچ پُچاوے باہُو جو پَتھر وِچ کیڑا ہُو

Daal-daleelaan chhorh wajoodon,
Ho hushiaar faqeera hoo.

Banh tawakkul panchhi udde,
Palle kharche na zeeraa hoo.

Rozee roz udd khaan hameshaa,
Karde na zakheeraa hoo.

Maulaa rizq puchaave Baahoo,
Jo patthar wich keerha hoo.

Give up all procrastination
And awake your soul, O dervish!

Have faith in your Lord, like the birds
That fly through the air without carrying their food.

When they are hungry they fly in search of nourishment-
They don’t store provisions.

The Lord provides food
Even the insect that lives in the depths of a rock crevice.

(90)

دُنیا ڈُھونڈن وَالے کُتّے دَر دَر پِھرن حیرانی ہُو

ہَڈّی اُتّے ہوڑ تِنہاں دے لَڑدیاں عُمر وِہانی ہُو

عقل دے کوتاہ سمجھ نہ جانن پیئے ولوڑن پانی ہُو

باجھوں ذِکر رَبّے دے باہُو کُوڑی رام کہانی ہُو

Duneeaa dhoondan waale kutte,
Dar dar phiran hairaanee hoo.

Haddee utte horh tinhaan dee,
Larhdiaan umar vinhaanee hoo.

Aqal de kotaah samjh na jaanan,
Peevan lorhan paanee hoo.

Bajhon zikr Rabbe de Baahoo,
Koorhee Raam kahaanee hoo.

People who seek the world are like dogs –
In its pursuit they shift from house to house.*

Greedily they pounce on bones –
They have wasted their lives Fighting over worldly things.

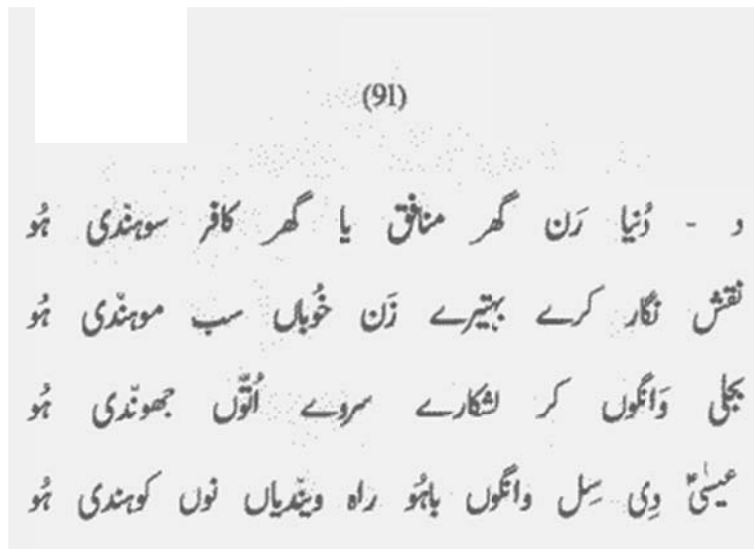
Devoid of good sense, foolish in their ways,
They cannot understand that what they really need
Is the water of life-to satisfy all hunger, all thirst.

Without remembrance of God’s Name, O Bahu,
One stays caught in this false drama of life.

*

(To “shift from house to house” is to shift from body to body in the cycle of transmigration).

(91)

د - دُنیا زَن گھر منافق یا گھر کافر سوہندی ہُو
نقش نگار کرے بہتیرے زَن خُوباں سب موہندی ہُو
بجلی وَانگوں کر لشکارے سروے اُتّوں جھوندی ہُو
عیسیٰؑ دِی سِل وانگوں باہُو راہ ویندیاں نوں کوہندی ہُو

Duneeaa ghar munaafiq de,
Yaa ghar kaafir de sohndee hoo.

Naqsh nigaar kare bahutere,
Zan khoobaan sabh mohndee hoo.

Bijlee vaang kare lishkaare,
Sir de utton jhondee hoo.

Hazrat Eesaa(AS) dee sil caangoon,
Vaindiaan raah kuhendee hoo.

This world-the great seductress-
Best suits the home of an infidel or an athiest.

She adorns herself with cunning
And uses her coquettish charm to entice one and all.

She swings her body with the speed of lightening;
She wraps her lustful arms around people.

She kills those who woo her, Like the golden brick
that destroyed its claimants-* But she belongs to no one.

*

(The golden brick refers to a story handed down from the times of Jesus: Three men traveling through the forest found a brick of gold. They were filled with joy and decided to distribute the brick among themselves in equal parts. After traveling some distance they stopped to rest for the night. One of them was sent to bring some food from a nearby market. He decided to kill the other two and put poison in their food so he would be the sole owner of the golden brick. Meanwhile, the other two conspired to kill the man who had gone to get food and to divide the brick in two equal parts. When the man with the food came, the other two killed him. And when the two ate the food, they died of the poison in it. Thus they killed one another for the gold that, in the end, belonged to no one).

(92)

دُدّھ دہی تے ہر کوئی رِڑکے عاشق بھاہ رِڑکیندے ہُو
تَن چٹورا مَن مندھانی آہیں نال ہلیندے ہُو
دُکھاں دا نیترا کڈھے سہکارے ہنجھو پانی پویندے ہُو
نام فقیر تنہاں دا باہُو ہڈاں توں مکھن کڈھیندے ہُو

Dudh, daheen te har koee rirhke,
Aashiq bhaa rirhkende hoo.

Tan chatoraa, man madhaanee,
Aaheen naal hilende hoo.

Dukh netraa kaddhe lishkaare,
Gham daa paanee peende hoo.

Naam faqeer tinhaan daa Baahoo,
Haddon makkhan kadhende hoo.

Everyone churns cream to get butter,
But a lover churns the fire of love in his heart!

Propelled by his sighs, the churning-stick of the mind
Rotates in the vessel of his body.

The rope of pain turns the blades that create sparks,
As the water of grief is added to cool the contents.

Only someone who churns his bones
To produce the Essence Deserves to be called a faqir, O Bahu!

(93)

دِین تے دُنیا سکّیاں بھَیناں عقل نہیں سمجھیندا ھُو

دووَیں اِکس نکاح وِچ آون شرع نہیں فرمیندا ھُو

اَگ تے پانی تھاں اِکّے وِچ واسا نہیں کریندا ھُو

دوہیں جہانیں مُٹھّے باھُو جِنہاں دعوی مَیں دا ھُو

Deen te duneeaa sakkeeaan bhainaan,
Aqal naheen samjhendaa hoo.

Doven ikk nikaah wich aavan,
Sharaa naheen farmendaa hoo.

Jiven agg te paanee thaan ik,
Vaasaa naheen karendaa hoo.

Doheen jahaaneen mutthaa,
Jehrhaa Daavaa koorh karendaa hoo.

Spiritual and worldy life are twin sisters,
So alike that not even the best of minds Can tell them apart.

Not only are they mutually antagonistic,
They are also wedded to the same individual.

But it is against the law of religion
To be married to them both at the same time-
Which is no less odd Than trying to hold fire and water together!

One who claims to espouse both God and mammon
Will be condemned in this world and the next.

(94)

ذاتی نال نہ ذاتی رلیا سو کم ذات سڈیوے ہُو
نفس کُتے نُوں بنّھ کراہاں قیماقیم کچیوے ہُو
ذات صِفاتوں میہنا آوے ذاتی شوق نپیوے ہُو
نام فقیر تنہاں دا باہُو قبر جنہاں دی جیوے ہُو

Zaate naal na zaatee raliaa,
So kamzaat sadeeve hoo.

Nafs kutte noon banh karaahaan,
Qeemaa qeem kacheeve hoo.

Zaat sifaaton mehna aave,
Zaatee shauq napeeve hoo.

Naam faqeer tinhaan daa Baahoo,
Qabar jinhaan dee jeeve hoo.

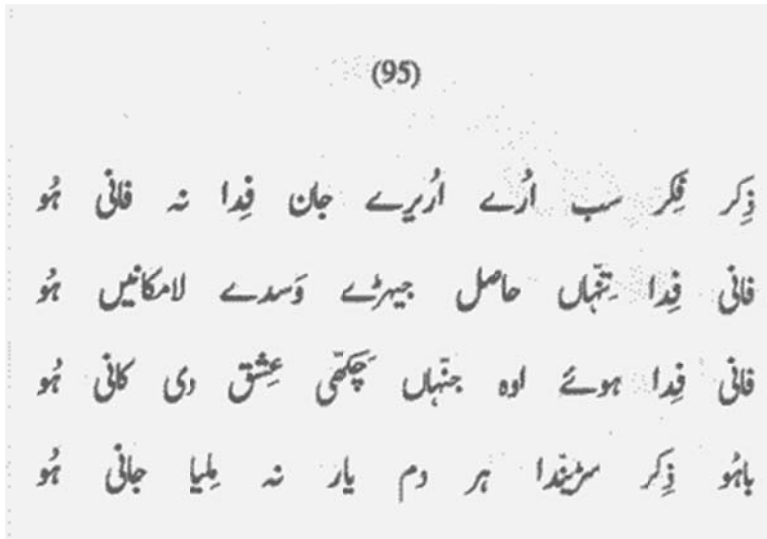
One who has not merged his soul in its Essence
Is love in caste.

The dog of ego should be kept on its leash;
Indeed, it should be minced into small pieces.

The soul is admonished by the Lord
For procrastinating while on this earth,
And subduing her natural urge to be with Him.

Only they may be called faqirs, O Bahu,
Whose very graves breathe Life.

(95)

ذِکر فِکر سب اُڑے اُڑیرے جان فِدا نہ فانی ہُو
فانی فِدا تِنہاں حاصل جیہڑے وَسدے لامکانیں ہُو
فانی فِدا ہوئے اوہ جنہاں چکھی عِشق دی کانی ہُو
باہُو ذِکر سڑیندا ہر دم یار نہ مِلیا جانی ہُو

Zikr fikar sab ure urere,
Jaan jaan fidaa na faanee hoo.

Fidaa faanee tinhaan noon haasil,
Jo wassan laamkaanee hoo.

Fidaa faanee han ohee jinhaan,
Chakhee ishq dee kaanee hoo.

Doe jahaan tinhaan de mutthe,
Yaar na miliaa jaanee hoo.

Unless the self is sacrificed and lost in God's love,
Repitition and contemplation will not achieve the goal.

Only dwellers of realms beyond time and space
Can lose themselves in God's love.

Only someone whose heart is pierced By the arrows of his love
Can sacrifice his self and merge in God.

Anyone who fails to find the beloved Friend
Will remain bereft of love in both worlds, O Bahu.

(96)

ذِکر کُنوں کر فِکر ہمیشہ لفظ تکھّا تلواروں ھُو

کڈھن آہیں جان جلاون فِکر کرن اسراروں ھُو

فِکر دا پھٹیا کوئی نہ جیوے پُٹّے مُڈھ پہاڑوں ھُو

حق دا کلمہ آکھیں باھُو رکھے فِکر دی ماروں ھُو

Zikr kanoon kar fikr hameshaa,
Eh tikhaa talwaaron hoo.

Kaddhan aaheen, jaan jalaavan,
Fikr karan israaron hoo.

Zaakir so jo fikr kamaavan,
Pal na faarigh yaaron hoo.

Fikr daa phattiaa hoee na jeeve,
Putte mudh chaa paarhon hoo.

Haqq daa kalmaa aakheen Baahoo,
Bacheen fikr dee maaron hoo.

Repeat the Name of God, and always contemplate on him,
While doing your repitition- Keener than a sword is such remembrance.

You must sigh with grief and burn your heart in love,
Before you can practise the Name And resolve themystery of life.

Only id you contemplate on the Beloved
And do not, even for a moment, take your mind off him,
Will you truly remember.

Struck by such contemplation,
No one can really live for the world-
It digs out worldly attachment by the root.

Repeat the Word of God, O Bahu,
And free yourself from the worries of life.

(97)

رات اندھیری کالی دے وِچ عشق چراغ جلاندا ھُو

جَیندی سِک کُنوں دِل نیوِیں نہیں آواز سُناندا ھُو

اوجھڑ جھَل تے مارُو بیلے دم دم خوف شِینہاں دا ھُو

تھل جل گئے جھگیندے باھُو کامل نینہ جِنہاں دا ھُو

Raat haneree kaalee de wich,
Ishq chiraagh jalaandaa hoo.

Jaindee sik ton dil chaa neeve,
So aawaaz sunaandaa hoo.

Aujharh jhall te maaroo bele,
Dam dam khauf sheehaan daa hoo.

Jal thal jangal gae jhagende,
Kaamil nenh jinhaan daa hoo.

In the dark fathomless night of ignorance,
Love is a torch that brings light.

From it emanates a Meoldy That enraptures lovers' hearts!

On the path of love are forests, oceans And wastelands,
with a constant threat of lions.

Anyone who cherishes perfect love in his heart,
Can cross these forests, oceans and wastelands Without fear.

(98)

راتیں رتی نیند نہ آوے ڈینہاں رہے حیرانی ہو
عارف دی گل عارف جانے کیا جانے نفسانی ہو
کر عبادت پچھوتاسیں ضائعا گئی جوانی ہو
حضور تنہاں نوں باہو جنہاں ملیا شاہ جیلانیؒ ہو

Raateen rattee neend na aave,
Deehaan rahe hairaanee hoo.

Aarif dee gal aarif jaane,
Kiaa jaane nafsaanee hoo.

Kar ibaadat pachhotaasen,
Zaaiaa gaee javaanee hoo.

Haqq huzoor unhaan noon haasil,
Jinh miliaa peer Jilaanee hoo.

I pass my nights without a wink of sleep;
In confusion I pass my days.

Only a man of God would know a man of God-
What can a slave of the mind and senses know of him?

If you don’t meditate on God; you will repent
That your youth was spent in vain persuits.

Those who found their Master in Shah Jilani
Will gain admittance to the Lord’s court.

Raateen nain rat hanjhoo rovan,
Deehaan ghamzaa gham daa hoo.

Parhh tauheed giaa tan andar,
Sukh aaraam na samdaa hoo.

Sir soolee te chaa tangio nen,
Eho raaz piram daa hoo.

Siddhaa ho koheevee-e Baahoo,
Qatraa rahe na gham daa hoo.

In my devotion to the One,
My consciousness has centred in my body;

Now I neither rest nor sleep.

All night I shed in tears of longing,
All day I cry in the pain of separation!

O Bahu, the secret of love is
That you sacrifice your life at the altar of God
Without a second thought And rid yourself of the last traces of grief.

(100)

راہ فقر دا پرے پریرے اوڑک کوئی نہ دِسّے ہُو
نہ اُتھ علم نہ پڑھن پڑھاون نہ اُتھ مسلے قِصّے ہُو
ایہہ دُنیا ہے بُت پرستی مت کوئی اس تے وِسّے ہُو
موت فقیری جیں سر باہُو مَعلم تھیوے تِسّے ہُو

Raah faqar daa pare parere,
Orhak koee na disse hoo.

Na uth parhhan parhhaavan koee,
Na uth masle qisse hoo.

Eh duneeaa hai butt-parastee,
Mat koee is te visse hoo.

Maut faqeeree jain sir aave,
Maalam theeve tisse hoo.

The path of the Masters is the highest of all;
It is beyond all comprehension!

On this path there is neither teaching Nor learning from books.
There are neither discussions nor expositions
Nor stories from the past.

Love of this world is sheer idolatry, a denial of God;
Let no one trust its loyalty.

Only the one who knows the mystic art Of dying while living,
knows the real secret.

Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu – 6/10

November 15, 2009 by qausain

(101)

راہ فقر دا تد لدھیوسے ہتھ پھڑیوسے کاسہ ھُو

تارِک دُنیا تداں تھیوسے فقر مِلیوسے خاصہ ھُو

دریا وحدت نوش کِیتوسے اجاں بھی جی پیاسا ھُو

راہ فقر رَت روون باھُو لوکاں بھانے ہاسا ھُو

Raah faqar daa tad ladhosee,
Jad hath pharheeosee kaasaa hoo.

Tark duneeaa ton tad thiosee,
Jad faqeer miliosee khaasaa hoo.

Dariaa wahadat nosh keetose,
Ajaan bhee jee piaasaa hoo.

Raah faqar rat hanjhoo rovan,
Lokaan bhaane haasaa hoo.

I found the mystic path When I held the beggar’s bowl in hand,
Begging for the Master’s grace.

I could only truly renounce the world
After I had met my exalted Master.

Deep have I drunk from the ocean of oneness,
Yet my soul thirsts for more and more.

Tears of blood pave the way to God, O Bahu!
None but the ignorant will take this lightly.

(102)

روزے نفل نمازاں تقویٰ سبھو کم حیرانی ہُو
اِنھیں گلیں ربّ حاصل ناہیں خود خوانی خود دانی ہُو
نال ہمیش قدیم جلیندا ملیُوس یار نہ جانی ہُو
ورد وظیفے تھیں چھُٹ رَہسی باہُو جد ہو فانی ہُو

Roze, nafal, namaazaan, taqwaa,
Sabbho kamm hairaanee hoo.

Inheen galleen Rabb haasil naaheen,
Khud khwaanee khud daanee hoo.

Qadeem hamesh jalendaa milio,
So yaar yaar na jaanee hoo.

Virad vazeefe theen chhut raihsee,
Baahoo hosee jad faanee hoo.

Fasting, prayers and rites of abstinence Only end in confusion.

God is not found through such means;
These are all but acts of vanity and self-promotion!

You have failed to recognize the beloved
Friend Who always lives within you.

You will save yourself from rites and rituals,
O Bahu, when you lose your being in God.

(103)

ر ـ رحمت اس گھر وِچ وَسّے جِتھّے بَلدے دِیوے ہُو
عِشق ہوائیں چَڑھ گیا فلکیں کِتھّے جہاز کِھیتوے ہُو
عقل فِکردی بیڑی اوتھے پہلے پُور بوڑِیوے ہُو
ہر جا جانی دِسّے باہُو جِت وَل نظر کِچیوے ہُو

Re-raihmat us ghar wich vasse,
Jitthe balde deeve hoo.

Ishq hawaaee charh gaee falkeen,
Kitthe jahaaz ghateeve hoo.

Aqal fikr dee berhee noon chaa,
Paihale poor burheeve hoo.

Har jaa jaanee disse Baahoo,
Jitwal nazar kacheeve hoo.

Bliss and grace reign in the heart,
That glows with the light of love.

The sail of love has soared to the heavens,
Leaving the ship of thought and reason.

Without its motive power-sinking
On its very first attempt to cross the ocean of life.

From where I stand, In whatever direction my eyes turn,
I see only my Beloved, O Bahu.

(104)

زاہد زُہد کماندے تھکّے روزے نفل نمازاں ہُو
عاشق غرق ہوئے وِچ وَحدت نال محبّت رازاں ہُو
مکھی قید شہد وچ ہوئی اُڈسی نال شہبازاں ہُو؟
مجلس نال نبیؐ دے باہُو صاحبؒ ناز نوازاں ہُو

Zaahid zuhd kamaande thakke,
Roze, nafal, namaazaan hoo.

Aashiq gharq hoe wich wahadat,
Naal muhabbat raazaan hoo.

Makkhee qaid shahad wich hoee,
Keeh udsee sang baazaan hoo.

Jinhaan majlis naal nabee,
Oh saahib naaz nawaazaan hoo.

The pious tire themselves out With austerities and fasts,
With worship and rituals, While lovers dissolve themselves
In the ocean of oneness.

Through love they acquire the secret of God!
Like a bee drowning in a jar of honey,
The worldly –minded are drowning in a jar of honey,
The worldly-minded are drowning in worldly pleasures.

They cannot soar to the spiritual heights of the mystics
Any more than a bee can fly with eagles!

Those who keep company with a
Master Are honored in God’s court, blessed with God’s grace.

(105)

زبانی کلمہ ہر کوئی پڑھدا دِل دا پڑھدا کوئی ہُو
جِتھے کلمہ دل دا پڑھیئے جِیبھے ملے نہ ڈھوئی ہُو
دِل دا کلمہ عاشق پڑھدے جانَن یار گلوئی ہُو؟
کلمہ یار پڑھایا باہُو سدا سہاگن ہوئی ہُو

Zabaanee kalma har koee parhhdaa,
Dil daa kalmaa koee hoo.

Jitthe kalmaa dil daa parhhee-e,
Mile zabaan na dhoee hoo.

Dil daa kalmaa aashiq parhhde,
Jaanan yaar galoee hoo.

Kalmaa mainoon peer parhhaaiaa,
Sadaa suhaagan hoee hoo.

Everyone recites the Kalma with his lips;
Rare is the person who recites it from the heart.

When the Kalma comes from the heart,
The spoken word has no value.

Only mystics know this Kalma of the heart.
What do they know, who only sing and preach?

My Master has taught me this secret Kalma;
I am now forever united with my Lord.

(106)

سبق صفاتی سوئی پڑھدے جو وَت ہینّسے ذاتی ہُو
عِلموں عِلم اُنھاں نوں جیہڑے اصلی تے اثباتی ہُو
نال محبّت نفس کُٹھّونیں کڈھ قضا دی کاتی ہُو
بہرہ خاص اُنھاں نوں باہُو لَدّھا آب حیاتی ہُو

Sabaq sifaatee soee parhde,
Jo vat hain naheen zatee hoo.

Ilmon-ilm unhaan noon hoiaa,
Aslee te asbaatee hoo.

Naal muhabbat nafs kuthone,
Kadh qazaa dee kaatee hoo.

Bahraa khaas unhaan noo jinhaan,
Laddhaa aab hayaatee hoo.

Only those who practise his true Name
Know how to sing God's praises.

They acquire through inner revelation,
The knowledge real and true!

Wielding the swerd of God's will
They slay their ego with God's love.

Those who find the water of eternal life
Acquire divine wisdom, O Bahu!

(107)

سُن فریاد پِیراں دیا پِیرا آکھ سُناواں کَیں نُوں ہُو
تیرے جیہا مینوں ہور نہ کوئی میں جیہیاں لکھ تَیں نُوں ہُو
پھول نہ کاغذ بدیاں والے دَرتوں دَھک نہ مَیں نُوں ہُو
ایڈ گُناہ نہ ہوندے باہُو توں بخشیندوں کَیں نُوں ہُو

Sun fariaad peeraan diaa peeraa,
Aakh sunaavaan kainoon hoo.

Tain jehaa mainoon hor na koee,
Main jeheeaan lakkh tainoon hoo.

Phol na kaaghaz badeeaan waale,
Dar ton dhakk na mainoon hoo.

Main wich aid gunaah na hunde,
Toon bakhshendon kainoon hoo.

O Shah Jilani, Master of Masters! Listen to my supplication.
Who else will minister my needs? Who else will attend to my plight?

For me, there is no one like you;
But for you, there are forlorn millions like me.

Do not read the scroll of my evil deeds;
Pray shut not the door of remission on my soul!

But for a blatant sinner like me, says Bahu,
who would have given you such a chance
To exercise your forgiveness?

(108)

سُن فریاد پیراں دیا پیرا عرض سُنیں کن دھر کے ہُو

بیڑا اڑیا وچ کپّراں جتھّے مچھ نہ بہندے ڈر کے ہُو

پہنچیں میراں وڈیاں بھیڑاں جھٹ شہباز دا کر کے ہُو

پیر جنھاں دا میراں باہُو کدّھی لگدے تر کے ہُو

Sun fariaad peeraan diaa peeraa,
Arz suneen kan dhar ke hoo.

Berha arhiaa wich kapraan,
Jith machh na baihnde dar ke hoo.

Shahh Jilaanee mahboob subhaanee,
Khabar lio jhat kar ke hoo.

Peer jinhaan daa Meeraan Baahoo,
Kaddhee lagde tarke hoo.

O Shah Jilani, Master of Masters,
Listen intently to my supplication:

My ship is caught in perilous seas
Where even mighty whales dare not venture.

O Shah Jilani, beloved of God,
Make haste and come to my rescue!

Those who rely on you, O Meeran,
As their Master and Saviour,
Will safely swim across the ocean of life.

(109)

سوز کُنوں تَن سڑیا سَارا دُکھّاں ڈیرے لائے ھُو
کوئل وانگ کُوکیندی وَتاں وَنجّن دن اضائعے ھُو
بول پِپیہا رُت ساون آئی مولا مِینہ ورسائے ھُو
صدق تے قدم اگوہاں باھُو ایہ گل یار وِلائے ھُو

Soz kanoon tan sarhiaa araa,
Dukkhaan dere laae hoo.

Kowel vaang kookendee vattaan,
Vanjena din zaae hoo.

Bol peehaa saawan aaiaa,
Maulaa meenh varsaae hoo.

Saabat sidq te qadam agohaan,
Eh gal yaar milaae hoo.

My body is burning in the fire of longing;
The pain of separation has settled in my hart;
Like the ko'el I cry for the rain of God's mercy.

Sing, O peeha, the rainy season has arrived!
Join me in my prayer for the water of life-
Lest the rainy season should end, the opportunity be lost.

O Bahu, firmness of faith, steadfast of purpose,
Will one day unite you with your beloved Friend.

(110)

سو ہزار تنہاں توں صدقے منہ نہ بولن پھکا ہو
لکھ ہزار تنہاں توں جیہڑے گل کریندے ہکا ہو
لکھ کروڑ تنہاں توں جیہڑے نفس رکھیندے جھکا ہو
نیل پدم تنہاں توں باہو سون سڈاون سکا ہو

Sau hazaae tinhaan ton sadqe,
Jo na bolan phikkaa hoo

Lakkh hazaar tinhaan ton sadqe,
Jo gall karde hikkaa hoo

Lakkh karorah tinhaan ton sadqe,
Nafs rakhende jhikkaa hoo.

Neel padam tinhaan ton sadqe,
Son sadaavan sikkaa hoo.

I could sacrifice myself a hundred times
To those who never say a dispiriting word;

A thousand times to those
Who stand firm by their word.

A million times could I make an offering of myself
To people who keep their ego on a leash;
And a billion times to the pure as gold,
Who present themselves as being like lead.

(111)

سَئے روزے سَئے نفل نمازاں سَئے سجدے کر تھکّے ھُو
سَئے وَاری مکّے حج گُزارن دِل دی دوڑ نہ مُکّے ھُو
چِلّے چلیِہے جنگل بھونا گل نہ اس تھیں پکّے ھُو
سبھے مطلب حاصل باھُو پیر نظر اِک تکّے ھُو

Sai roze sai nafal namaazaan,
Sai sajde kar thakke hoo.

Makke hajj gae sai vaaree,
Dil dee daurh na mukke hoo.

Chille, chalee-e jangal bhauna,
Is gal theen na pakke hoo.

Sab matalab ho jaande haasil,
Peer nazar ik takke hoo.

Endless fasts, prayers and worship,
And acts of prostration have worn me out.

A thousand times have I gone on pilgrimage to Mecca,
But that did not end the wanderings of my mind;

Nor did my retreats to the seclusion of the forest
Bring me the enlightenment I had sought.

But all the objectives of life are met, O Bahu,
When the Master bestows a merciful glance!

(112)

سینے وچ مقام ہے کَیں دا مُرشد گل سُجھائی ہُو
ایہو ساہ جو آوے جاوے ہور نہیں شے کائی ہُو
اِس نوں اِسمُ الاعظم آکھن ایہو سِرّ اِلٰہی ہُو
ایہو موت حیاتی باہُو ایہو بھیت الٰہی ہُو

Seene wich maqaam hai kaindaa,
Murshid gall sujhaaee hoo.

Eho saah jo aave jaave,
Hor naheen shai kaaee hoo.

Is noon Ism-al-Aazam aakhan,
Eho sirr Ilaahee hoo.

Eho maut hayaatee Baahoo,
Eho bhet Ilaahee hoo.

My Master has explained to me
The reality of living in the heart:

It is called Ism-i-A’zam,
the Word of God- It is the divine mystery.

This Word is the breath of our lives;
Other than the Word nothing exists!

It brings life, it causes death;
In it lie all the secrets of God!

(113)

شریعت دے دروازے اُچّے راہ فقردا موری ھُو
عالِم فاضل لنگھ نہ دیندے جو لنگھدا سو چوری ھُو
پَٹ پَٹ اِٹّاں وَٹّے مارن دردمنداں دے کھوری ھُو
عاشق جانن راز باھُو کیہ جانن لوک اتھوری ھُو

Shariat de darwaaze uchche,
Raah faqar daa moree hoo.

Aalim faazil den na langhan,
Jo langhe so choree hoo.

Putt putt ittaan vatte maaran,
Dardmandaan de khoree hoo.

Raaz maahee daa aashiq jaanan,
Jaanan keeh athoree hoo.

Lofty are the portals of religion;
Hard to find is the narrow path that leads to God.

Priests and scholars allow no one to find it;
They throw stones and rocks, they persecute Saints.

Lovers have only discovered this strait path
By keeping out of their sight.

Only lovers know the secret path to the Lord.
How can people driven by blind impulse find it?

(114)

شور شہر تے رحمت وَسّے جِتھّے باہُو جالے ہُو
باغبان دے بُوٹے وانگوں طالب نِت سَنبھالے ہُو
نال نظارے رحمت والے کھڑا حُضوروں پالے ہُو
نام فقیر تِنہاں دا باہُو گھر وِچ یار وکھالے ہُو

Shor shaihar te raihamat wasse,
Jitthe Baahoo jaale hoo.

Baaghbaanaa de boote vaangoon,
Taalib nit sambhaale hoo.

Naal nazaare rahmat waale,
Kharha huzooron paale hoo.

Naam faqeer tisse daa Baahoo,
Ghar wich yaar vikhaale hoo.

May God's grace descend on Shorekote,
Where Bahu lives!

Like a gardener who nurses his seedlings,
The Master always tends and protects his disciples:

He nourishes them from his court With his merciful glance.

Someone who shows you the Lord within your body
Deserves the name 'Master', O Bahu.

(115)

صفت ثنائیں مول نہ پڑھدے جو جا پُہنتے ذاتی ہُو
عِلموں عمل اِنہاں وِچ جیہڑے اصلی تے اثباتی ہُو
نال محبّت نفس کُٹھو نیں گِھن رضا دی کاتی ہُو
چوداں طبق دِلے دے اندر باہُو پا وِچ جھاتی ہُو

Sift sanaaee mool na parhhde,
Jo pauhte wich zaatee hoo.

Ilm, amal unhaan wich hove,
Aslee te asbaatee hoo.

Naal muhabaat nafs kuthone,
Ghin razaa dee kaatee hoo.

Chaudaan tabq dile wich Baahoo,
Paa nadar dee jhaatee hoo.

People who have attained the real Name of God
Do not sing hymms in temples.

They have learnt to practise the real Name;
They have acquired the true knowledge of his essence.

They have wielded the sword of God’s will;
They have slain their ego with God’s love.

All fourteen realms are within your heart,
O Bahu, if only you knew how to peep within!

(116)

صُورت نفس اَمّارہ دی کوئی کُتّا گُلّر کالا ہُو
کھوہے نوکے لوہُو پیوے منگے چرب نوالا ہُو
کھبّے پاسیوں اندر بیٹھا دل دے نال سنّبھالا ہُو
ایہہ بدبخت ہے جُھکّھا باہُو اللہ کرسی ٹالا ہُو

Soorat nafs ammaare dee,
Koee kuttaa gullar kaalaa hoo.

Kooke, nooke, lahoo peeve,
Mange charb nivaalaa hoo.

Khabbe paason andar baithaa,
Dil de naal sambhaalaa hoo.

Eh bad-bakht hai zaalim Baahoo,
Allaah karsee taalaa hoo.

The stubborn ego is like an ugly, black dog
That howls and screams without end.

It eats your flesh, it drinks your blood;

It dwells in the left, shadowy side of your heart!

It is evil and accursed,
O Bahu- May the Lord save us all from its brutal attacks!

(117)

ض۔ ضروری نفس کُتے نوں قیما قیم کچیوے ھُو
نال محبت ذِکر اِللہ دا دَم دَم پیا پڑھیوے ھُو
ذکر کنوں رَبّ حاصل تھیندا ذاتوں ذات دسیوے ھُو
جہان غلام تنہاں دے باھُو جنہاں ذات لبھیوے ھُو

Zaad-zarooree nafs kutte noon,
Qeema qeem kacheeve hoo.

Naal muhabbat zikr Allaah daa,
Dam dam piaa parheeve hoo.

Zikr kanoon Rabb haasil theendaa,
Zaato zaat diseeve hoo.

Doven jahaan ghulaam tinhaan de,
Jinhaan zaat labheeve hoo.

The dog of ego must be slain and minced into bits
By the repetition of God's Name.

Practised with love, with every breath of one's life.

You can realize God with the repition of the Name,
And your soul can have The vision of its own divine Essence.

Heaven and earth become slaves of anyone, O Bahu,
Who has realized the Essence within himself.

(118)

طالب بَن کے طالب ہوویں اوسے نوں پیا گاوِیں ہُو

سَچا لَڑ ہادی دا پھَڑ کے اوہو توُں ہو جاوِیں ہُو

کلمے دا توُں ذِکر کماوِیں کلمے نال نہاوِیں ہُو

اللہ پاک کریسی باہُو ذاتی اِسم کماوِیں ہُو

Taalib ben ke taalib hoven,
Ose noon piaa gaaven hoo.

Larh sache haadee daa pharh ke,
Oho toon ho jaaven hoo.

Kalme daa toon zikr kamaavan,
Kalme naal nahaaven hoo.

Allaah tainoon paak kare.
Je zaatee Ism kamaaven hoo.

If you seek to meet God ardently,
Become a disciple of a true Master And sing his praises.

If you follow his instructions sincerely,
You will, one day, assume his very form.

By constant repitition of his Kalma
You will bathe yourself in its beatitude.

The Lord will purify you of all your sins, O Bahu,
If you practise that real Name of God.

(119)

طالب غوث الاعظمؒ والے کدے نہ ہوون ماندے ہُو
جَیں دے اندر عِشق دی رَتّی رہن سَدا کُر لانّدے ہُو
جَیں نُوں شوق مِلن دا ہووے لے خُوشیاں نِت آنّدے ہُو
جہان تنہاں دے باہُو جیہڑے ذاتی اِسم کمانّدے ہُو

Taalib Ghaus-al-Aazam waale,
Kade na hovan maande hoo.

Jainde andar ishq dee rattee,
Raihan sadaa kurlaande hoo.

Jainoon shauq milan daa hove,
Lai khushiaan nit aande hoo.

Doven jahaan naseeb tinhaan,
Jo Zaatee Ism kamaande hoo.

Put your faith in Ghaus-ul-A'zam,
And you will never be left in the lurch.

With just a grain of love in your heart,
You will spend your life Crying in the pain of separation.

If you long to meet the Lord ardently,
You will always obtain peace and happiness.

If you practise the real Name of God,
All bliss will be yours, O Bahu,
In this world and the world beyond.

(120)

ظاھر ویکھاں جانی تائیں نالے اندر سینے ھُو
بِرھوں ماری میں نِت پھِراں ھسّن لوک نابینے ھُو
میں دِل وِچوں ہے شوہ پایا جاون لوک مدینے ھُو
کہے فقیر میراںؒ دا باھُو اندر دِلاں خزینے ھُو

Zaahir wekhaan jaanee taaeen,
Naale andar seene hoo.

Birhon maari nit phiraan main,
Hassan lok naabeene hoo.

Main dil wichon hai shauh paaiaa,
Lokeen jaan madeene hoo.

Kahe faqeer Meeraan daa Baahoo,
Andar dilaan khazeene hoo.

I see my Beloved in the world outside.
When I look within, I see him in my heart.

I wander around, worn down with the pain of longing;
The blind and ignorant mock and jeer.

I have found my Lord within my heart,
While the unenlightened go on pilgirmage to Mecca.

Says Bahu, the beggar at his Master's door:
There are bountiful treasures within my heart.

English translation: http://www.hazratsultanbahu.com

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One Response

1. on March 6, 2011 at 4:21 pm | Reply **Malik Mahboob Awan**

Sakhi Sultan..... kalam se hi sakhawat ka andaza ho raha, Zuban se tu kaie murdon mein jaan aa gaie ho gi!

Wo zamane ko mahtab kar gaya
bay aab tha, sairab kar gaya
basti ujri hoie thi dil ki Bahoo...
besaharon ka khana abad kar gaya

Laa k tor nibhayan, ruh roshnayan
Nafas je kaboo! haye avay Bahoo?
Jye din jamyan, rah nikumyan
Dil te tala munh kala! bula vay Bahoo
Nafal namazan Hajan zakatan
Dil andheri, shama jala vay Bahoo

Sufiya-e-Karam, wo anmol khazana hain, jo hum gunhe garon ki meras aur roz mhshar ki aas (waseela) hain. ALLAH walon se nisbat, aiman ki amli nishani hai.

Sufi Poetry

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Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu – 7/10

November 15, 2009 by qausain

(121)

عاشق دی دِل موم برابر معشوقاں دل کالھی ہُو
طعمہ ویکھے تُر تُر تکّے جیوں بازاں دی چالی ہُو
باز بے چارہ کیوں کر اُڈّے تیریں پیوسُ دِوالی ہُو
عِشق خرید نہ کیتا باہُو گئے جہانوں خالی ہُو

Aashiq daa dil mom braabar,
Maashooqaan dil kaahlee hoo.

Tu'amaa wekkhe tur tur takke,
Jion baazaan dee chaalee hoo.

Baaz vichaaraa kionkar udde,
Paireen pios dawaalee hoo.

Jain dil ishq khareed na keetaa,
Dohaan jahaanon khaalee hoo.

A lover's heart melts like wax,
But slow in response is the Beloved.

Like a hawk, the lower eyes the Beloved's heart
And seeks it out.

But tied down to earthly strings,
How can the poor hawk fly?

The heart that has not purchased love
In the marketplace of life, O Bahu,
Will go empty-handed-in this world and the next.

(122)

عاشق پڑھن نماز پرم دی جیں وِچ حرف نہ کوئی ھُو
جیہا کیہا نیت نہ سکّے درد منداں دِل ڈھوئی ھُو
اکھیں نیرا‌ے خون جِگر دا وضو پاک سزوئی ھُو
جِیبھ نہ ہلّے ہوٹھ نہ پھرکن باھُو نمازی سوئی ھُو

Aashiq parhn namaaz piram dee,
Jain wich harf na koee hoo.

Jehaa kehaa neet na sakke,
Uth dardmand dil dhoee hoo.

Akheen neer te khoon jigar daa,
Wuzoo paak keetoee hoo.

Jeebh na hille, honth na pharhkan,

Khaas namaazee soee hoo.

A lover offers his prayer in an unspoken language.

It is not for everyone-
Only the aching heart of a lover can know this prayer.

He purifies himself by doing his wuzoo
With tears from his eyes, blood from his heart.

Only a rare devotee knows the prayer for which
The tongue does not move, lips do not flutter.

(123)

عاشقاں ہِکّو وضو جو کیتا روز قیامت تائیں ہُو
وِچ نماز رکوع سجُودے رہنّدے سنجھ صباحیں ہُو
ایتھے اوتھے دوہیں جہانیں سبھ فقر دیاں جائیں ہُو
عرش کولوں سَئے منزل اَگّے باہُو کم تِنہائیں ہُو

Aashiqa hik wuzoo jo keetaa,
Roz qiaamat taaeen hoo.

Wich namaaz raku sajoode,
Raihande sanjh sabaaheen hoo.

Ethe othe doheen jahaaneen,
Sabh faqar deeaan jaaeen hoo.

Arshaan ton sai manzil agge,
Paindaa kam tinhaaeen hoo.

A lover purifies himself just once-with Kalma;
His wuzoo will hold till the day of judgement.

Day and night he prostrates himself
And keeps his head bowed in supplication.

The faqirs are at home in this world and the next,

But a thousand stages beyond paradise Lies their real Home!

(124)

عاشق راز ماہی دے کولوں کدی نہ تھیون وانڈے ہُو

نِندر حرام تِنہاں تے جیہڑے ذاتی اِسم کمانڈے ہُو

ہِک پَل مُول آرام نہیں دینہہ رات وَتن کُرلاندے ہُو

الف صحی کر پڑھیا باہُو واہ نصیب تِنہاں دے ہُو

Aashiq raaz maahee de kolon,
Hon kadee na theevan vaande hoo.

Neend haraam tinhaan te,
jehrhe Zaatee Ism kamaande hoo.

Hik pal mool aaraam na aae,
Raat dine kurlaande hoo.

Jinhaan alif sahee kar parhiaa,
Waah naseeb tinhaan de hoo.

Lovers are always engaged
In inner contemplation of the Beloved.

They even deny themselves their nightly sleep-
So absorbed are they In their practise of God’s real Mane.

They are restless day and night;
They cry in the pain of their separation from God.

Bahu hails the good fortune of those devotees
Who rightly devote themselves To the lesson of Oneness.

(125)

عاشق سوئی حقیقی جیہڑا قتل معشوق دے منّے ہُو

عِشق نہ چھوڑے مُکھ نہ موڑے سَے تلواراں کھنّے ہُو

جِت ول ویکھے راز ماہی دے لگے اوسے بنّے ہُو

عِشق حسینؑ علیؑ دا باہُو سر دیئے راز نہ بھنّے ہُو

Aashiq soee haqeeqee jehrhaa,
Qatal maashooq de manne hoo.

Ishq na chhorhe, mukh na morhe,
Pae talvaaraan khanne hoo.

Jit wal wekhe raaz maahee daa,
Lagge ose banne hoo.

Sachchaa ishq Hussain Ali daa,
sir dae raaz na bhanne hoo.

A real lover is one who bows his head
Before the Beloved’s sword.

He will never forsake his love,
Never turn his back on the Beloved-
Even if he were cut into pieces with the sword of love.

He will put his heart and soul into his endeavour
To find a clue to the Beloved’s secrets.

The love of Hussain and Ali was true, O Bahu.
They sacrificed their lives,
But not their love for God and the Prophet.

(126)

عاشق شُہدے دل کھڑایا آپ دی نالے کھڑیا ہُو
کھڑیا کھڑیا ولیا ناہیں سنگ محبُوباں رلیا ہُو
عقل فکر دیاں سب بھُل گئیاں عِشقے نال جاں ملِھیا ہُو
قُربان تِنہاں توں باہُو جنہاں عشق جوانی چڑھیا ہُو

Aashiq Shauh de dil kharhaaiaa,
Aap bhee naale kharhiaa hoo.

Kharhiaa kharhiaa valiaa naheen,
Sang mahboobaan raliaa hoo.

Aql fikr deeaan sab bhull gaeeaan,
Ishqe naal jaan miliaa hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan theen,
jain wich Ishq javaanee charhiaa hoo.

A lover lost his heart to the Beloved;
And with his heart lose, he himself was lost.

Being lost, he never turned back,
But ventured onward to join the Beloved.

In his love he merged in the Beloved,
And his reason and intellect were all but forsaken.

I make myself a sacrifice to anyone in whose heart
Love has so blossomed, O Bahu!

(127)

عاشق عشق ماہی دے کولوں پھرن ہمیشہ کھیوے ھُو
جیندیاں جان ماہی نوں ڈِتی دوہیں جہانیں جیوے ھُو
شمع چراغ جنھاں دِل روشن اوہ کیوں بالن ڈِیوے ھُو
عقل فکر دی پہنچ نہ باھُو فانی فہم کچیوے ھُو

Aashiq ishq maahee de kolon,
Phiran hameshaa kheeve hoo.

Jeende jaan maahee noon dittee,
Doheen jahaaneen jeeve hoo.

Shamaa chiraagh jinhaan dil roshan,
Oh kion baalan deeve hoo.

Aqal fikr dee pahunch na othe,
Faanee faiham kacheeve hoo.

Lovers remain completey intoxicated
In the ecstasy of their love for the Beloved.

They offer their souls to the Beloved while still living
And thus immortalize themselves In this life and the hereafter.

Why should anyone Whose heart shines with the light of God
Burn candles in temples?

Grossly limited are reason and intellect, O Bahu!
They have no access to the realm of love.

(128)

عاشق نیک صلاحیں لگدے کیوں اُجاڑ دے گھرنوں ھُو

بال مواتا بِرہوں والا لانّدے جان جِگر نوں ھُو؟

جان جہان سب بھُل گیوّ پئی لوٹی ہوش صبر نوں ھُو

قُربان تِنہاں توں باھُو بخشیا خون جِنّہاں دِلبر نوں ھُو

Aashiq nek salaaheen lagde,
Kion ujaarhde ghar noon hoo.

Baal mavaataa birhoon daa,
Na laande jaan jigar noon hoo.

Jaan jahaan sab bhull gio ne,
Luttee hosh sabar noon hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton,
jinhaan Khoon ditta dilbar noon hoo.

Had these lovers heeded the good advise of the world,
They would not have deserted their homes.*

They would not have burnt their hearts and souls
In the fire of longing for the Beloved.
They are oblivious of both themselves and the world.

Their love for the Lord has robbed them
Of their patience and their awareness of themselves.

I make myself a sacrifice to anyone
Who has surrendered his life for the Beloved, O Bahu.
*
(Deserting the home: Withdrawing at will the life consciousness from the physical body)

(129)

عاشق ہوویں عِشق کماوِیں دل رکھ وَانگ پہاڑاں ہُو
لکھ بدیاں تے ہزار اُلاہمے جانیں باغ بہاراں ہُو
منصُور جیہے چُک سُولی دِتّے واقف کُل آسراراں ہُو
سجدیوں سِر نہ چاییئے باہُو کافر کہن ہزاراں ہُو

Aashiq ho te ishq kamaawe,
Dil rakkheen vaang pahaarhaan hoo.

Sai sai badeeaan, lakh ulaahme,
Jaaneen baagh bahaaraan hoo.

Chaa soolee Mansoor dittaa,
Jo waaqif kul asraaraan hoo.

Sajdoin sir na chaaee-e Bahoo,
Kaafir kaihan hazaaraan hoo.

Become a lover,
and let your heart be like a rock.

If people hurl abuse at you,
consider it as a blessing.

Even Mansur, who knew all the secrets of God,
Was sent to the gallows.

Once you have bowed you head in prayer,
Do not lift it again, O Bahu,
Although the multitude may brand you an infidel.*
*

(The Muslim prayer, namaaz is offered in verying postures like standing, bowing, kneeling, in a given sequence, as directed by the prayer leader. But once a lover has bowed his head in prayer, he forgets his surroundings, even his own body. 'The faithful' brand him infidel because he does not join them in their set pattern of ritual prayer)

(130)

عشق اسانوں لِسیاں جاتا بیٹھا مار پَتھلّا ہُو
وِچ جِگر دے سنّھ چا لائیس کیتُس کم اولّا ہُو
جاں وڑ اندر جھاتی پائی ڈِٹّھا یار اکلّا ہُو
باجھوں مُرشد کامل باہُو ہوندی نہیں تسلّا ہُو

Ishq asaanoon lissiaan jaataa,
Baithaa maar pathalla hoo.

Wich jigar de sanh chaa laaeeas,
Keetas kam avallaa hoo.

Jaan andar varh jhaatee paaeeas,
Ditthaa yaar ikallaa hoo.

Bajhon murshid kaamil Baahoo,
Hondi naheen tasallaa hoo.

Considering me a weakling,
Love has settled itself like a squatter in my heart.

It has forced its way in through a secret opening-
What an act of daring trespass!

When I went within myself to investigate,
I found my Love sitting alone-waiting!

Without my perfect Master, O Bahu,
None can ever realize the goal of life.

(131)

عشق اسانوں لسیاں جاتا کر کر آوے دھائی ہو
جت ول ویکھاں عشق دسیوے خالی جگہ نہ کائی ہو
مرشد کامل ایسا ملیا دل دی تاکی لاہی ہو
میں قربان اس مرشد باہو دسیا بھیت الٰہی ہو

Ishq asaanoon lissiaan jaataa,
Karke aave dhaaee hoo.

Jit val wekhaan ishq diseeve,
Khaalee haa na kaaee hoo.

Murshid kaamil oh miliaa,
Jis dil dee taakee laahee hoo.

Main qurban us murshid ton,
Jis dassiaa bhet Ilaahee hoo.

Love considers me a weakling;
Unrelenting, it charges at my heart.

Overwhelmed by its onslaughts,
I see nothing but love wherever I look;
I can find no place that is bereft of love.

I was blessed to meet a perfect Master
Who opened the sealed window of my heart.

I make myself a sacrifice to the Master, O Bahu,
Who has revealed to me the secret of God.

(132)

عِشق اَسانوں لِسیاں جاتا لتھّا مَل مُہاڑی ہُو
نہ سَوویں نہ سَوون دیوے جیویں بال ریہاڑی ہُو
پوہ مانگھیں خربُوزے منگے کتھوں لیساں واڑی ہُو
عقل فِکر بُھل گیاں باہُو عِشق وَجائی تاڑی ہُو

Ishq asaanoon lissiaan jaataa,
Latthaa mall muhaarhee hoo.

Na sauven, na sauvan deve,
Jeeven baal rihaarhee hoo.

Poh maagheen kharbooze mange,
Main kith laisaan vaarhee hoo.

Aqal fikr deeaan bhull gaeeaan,
Jad ishq vajaaee taarhee hoo.

Considering me frail and helpless,
Love has entrenched itself at my door.

Like a spoiled child, it won’t sleep,
Nor will it let me have any rest.

It demands the impossible of me:
It wants summer fruit in the dead of winter- Where can I find such a thing?

When love decides to call you, O Bahu,
Reason and logic are completely forgotten.

(133)

عِشق جِنہاندے ہَڈّیں رَچیا رہندے چُپ چَپاتے ہُو
لُوں لُوں دے وچ لَکھ زُباناں پھردے گُنگے باتے ہُو
کردے وضُو اسم اعظم دا دریا وحدت نہاتے ہُو
تدوں قبول نمازاں باہُو یاراں یار پچھاتے ہُو

Ishq jinhaan de haddeen rachiaa,
Raihan oh chup chupaate hoo.

Loon loon de wich lakkh zabaanaan,
Kaan oh gungee baate hoo.

Karde wuzoo Ism Aazam daa,
Dariaa wahadat nahaate hoo.

Tadon qabool namaazaan Baahoo,
Jad yaaraan yaar pachhaate hoo.

Devotees, whose hearts are saturated
With the love of God, keep their lips sealed.

Every pore of their bodies has a million tongues
With which to repeat the Name of God-
Their silence speaks for their eloquence.

They have done their wuzoo with the holy Name;
They have bathed themselves in the ocean of oneness.

Only when your soul identifies with its divine Source
Will your prayer be accepted, O Bahu.

(134)

عِشق چلایا طرف اسماناں فرشوں عرش وِکھایا ہُو

رَہ نی دُنیا ٹھگ نہ ساڈُوں اَگّے جی گھبرایا ہُو

اَسِیں پردیسی وطن دوراڈا کُوڑا لالچ لایا ہُو

مر گئے مرن تھیں پہلے باہُو تِنہاں ربّ نوں پایا ہُو

Ishq chalaaiaa taraf asmaanaan,
Farshon arsh wakhaaiaa hoo.

Rauh nee duneeaa thag na saanoon,
Saadaa jee ghabraaiaa hoo.

Aseen musaafir watan duraadaa,
Koorhaa laalach laaiaa hoo.

Mar gae marne theen pahle,
Tinhaan Rabb noon paaiaa hoo.

Love has inspired me to explre the heavens:
From earth it has raised me to the worlds of Spirit.

Be gone, foul world, beguile me no more!
I am already in anguish about my stay here.

I am a wayfarer, my home is far away,
And you have enticed me with false promises.

Only if you forsake the world and die while living
Can you find the Lord, O Bahu.

(136)

عِشق محبّت دے دریا وچ تھی مردانے تریئے ہُو
جِتھّے لہر غضب دیاں ٹھاٹھاں قدم اُٹھائیں دھریئے ہُو
اوجھڑ جَھنگ بلائیں بیلے وِکھّو ویکھ نہ ڈریئے ہُو
نام فقیر تَد تھِینْدا باہُو وِچ طلب جد مریئے ہُو

Ishq muhabbat dariaa de wich,
Thee mardaanaa tarree-e hoo.

Jitthe paun ghazab deeaan laiharaan,
Qadam uthaaeen dharee-e hoo.

Aujharh jhang balaaeen bele,
Wekh wekh na daree-e hoo.

Naam faqeer tad theendaa Baahoo,
Wich talab de maree-e hoo.

Be brave and swim across the ocean of love,
Plunging straight Into its fierce waves, its deadly whirlpools.

And don’t be frightened At the sight of the dense forests

Or threatening inner waste lands,
On your way to the country of love.

Only when you sacrifice your life In your love for God
Will you deserve the name ‘faqir’, O Bahu.

(137)

عِشق دی بازی ہر جا کھیڈی شاہ گدا سُلطاناں ہُو

عالِم فاضل عاقل دانا کردا چا حیراناں ہُو

تَنبو کھوڑ لتھا وِچ دل دے جوڑیَس خلوت خانہ ہُو

عِشق امیر فقیر مَنیندے باہُو کون بیگانہ ہُو

Ishq dee baazee har jaa khedee,
Shaah, gadaa, sultaanaan hoo.

Aalim, faazil, aaqil, daanaa,
Kardaa chaa hairaanaan hoo.

Tamboo khot latthaa wich dil de,
Laaees khilwat khaanaan hoo.

Ishq ameer faqeer manende,
Keeh jaane begaanaan hoo.

Everyone from king to beggar
has played the game of love-

It equally astounds the intellectual,
the scholar and the wise.

Love has firmly entrenched itself within me,
Establishing its private chamber in my heart!

Love has touched the hearts Of the rich and the poor alike;
How can an outsider-who had never tasted love-
Realize its bliss and splendour?

(138)

عِشق دی بھاہ ہڈاں دا بالن عاشق بیٹھ سکیندے ہُو
گھت کے جان جِگر وچ آرا ویکھ کباب تلیندے ہُو
سر گردان پھرن ہر ویلے خُون جِگر دا پیندے ہُو
ہوئے ہزاراں عاشق باہُو عِشق نصیب کہیں دے ہُو

Ishq dee bhaah haddaan daa baalan,
Aashiq baih sikende hoo.

Ghatt ke jaan jigar wich aaraa,
Wekh kabaab talende hoo.

Sargardaan phiran har wele,
Khoon jigar daa peende hoo.

Hoe hazaaraan aashiq Baahoo,
Ishq naseeb kaheende hoo.

Lovers warm themselves On the fire of love in their hearts-
Ignited and def with the fuel of their bones.

They carve out the flesh of their hearts
And roast it on this fire.

Distraught in love, they wander listlessly,
Quenching their thirst with their own blood.

Thousands have claimed to be lovers, O Bahu;
Rare is the one who is blessed with true love!

(139)

ع۔ عِشق دیاں گلاں اولّڑیاں شرع تھیں دُور ہٹاوے ھُو
قاضی چھوڑ قضائیں جاون جد طمانّچہ لاوے ھُو
لوک ایانے متّیں دیون عاشقاں مَت نہ بھاوے ھُو
مُڑن محال تِنہاں نوں باھُو جنہّاں آپ بُلاوے ھُو

Ishq dee gall avallee jehrhaa,
Sharaa theen door hataave hoo.

Qaazee shhorhe qazaaee jaan,
Jad ishq tamaachaa laave hoo.

Lok ayaane matteen devan,
Aashiq mat na bhaave hoo.

Murhn muhaal tinhaan noon jinhaan,
Saahib aap bulaave hoo.

Curios are the ways of love-
It weans you away from religion.

When smitten by love,
Even priests would forsake their priesthood.

The ignorant preach against love,
But lovers shun their advise.

Those who are called by God himself,
Find it onerous to return to worldly life.

(140)

عشق سمندر چڑھ گیا فلکیں کِت وَل جہاز کچیوے ہُو
عقل فِکر دی ڈونڈی نوں چا پہلے پُور بوڑیوے ہُو
کڑکن کپّر پون لہراں جد وَحدت وِچ وڑیوے ہُو
مَرنے تھیں خلقت ڈردی باہُو عاشق مرے تاں جیوے ہُو

Ishq samundar charh giaa falkeen,
Kit jahaaz kacheeve hoo.

Aqal fikr dee daundee noon,
chaa Paihale poor boorheeve hoo.

Karhkhan kappar paun laiharaan,
Jad wahadat wich varheeve hoo.

Jis marne theen khalqat dardee,
Aashiq marke jeeve hoo.

Waves on the ocean of love rise to the skies;
Even large and sturdy ships cannot survive.

The fragile boat of intellect and reason Has little chance.

It will sink in its first attempt to cross
Because fierce whirlpools roar, deadly waves crash,
When a ship prepares to enter the port of Unity.

The death that strikes terror in people’s minds
Brings joy to a lover’s heart:
In death he finds everlasting life.

(141)

عِشق ماھی دے لائیاں اگّیں لگیاں کون بُجھاوے ھُو
میں کِیہ جاناں ذات عِشق دی دَر دَر جا جُھکاوے ھُو
نہ سوویں نہ سَوون دیوے سُتیاں آن جگاوے ھُو
میں قُربان تِنہّاں دے باھُو وِچھڑے یار ملاوے ھُو

Ishq maahee de laaeeaan aggeen,
Laggee kaun bujhaave hoo.

Main keeh jaanaan zaat ishq,
jo Dar dar chaa jhukaave hoo.

Na saunven na sauvan deve,
Suttiaan aan jagaave hoo.

Main qurbaan haan usde jehrha,
Vichhrhe yaar milaave hoo.

My heart is ablaze with the fire of love.
Who will quench the flames?

How was I to know what this love was like?
It has made me bow my head at every doorstep.

It is always awake, and it always keeps me awake;
It doesn’t allow me a wink of sleep.

O Bahu, I sacrifice myself to anyone,
Who will reunite me with my long-separated Friend.

(142)

عِشق مؤذِن دِتیاں بانگاں کَنّیں بُلبل پیو سے ہُو
خُون جِگر دا کڈھ کراہاں وُضو پاک سزیوسے ہُو
سُن تکبیر فنائے والی مُڑن محال تھیوسے ہُو
پڑھ تکبیر تھیوسے واصل باہُو شُکر کیتوسے ہُو

Ishq muazzin dittiaan baangaan,
Kanneen sad peeose hoo.

Khoon jigar daa kadh karaahaan,
Wuzoo paakh sezeeose hoo.

Sun taqbeer fanai walee,
Murhan muhaal theeose hoo.

Parh takbeer theeose waasil,
Taaheen shukr keetose hoo.

When love gave the call to prayer,
My heart responded:

I purified myself-I performed my wuzoo*
With the blood of my heart!

When the cry “God is great” inspired me
To merge in that great Lord,
I found my heart unwilling to turn back.

When I myself proclaimed Allah’s greatness,
I merged in him and thanked him
For relieving me of my long suffering.

*

(Wuzoo refers to the Muslim practise of cleaning oneself by washing on’es face, hands and feet with water before namaaz, the ritual prayer)

(143)

عقل فکر دی جاء نہ کائی وحدت سِرّ سُبحانی ھُو

نہ اُتھ مُلّاں پنڈت جوشی نہ اُتھ عِلم قُرآنی ھُو

احمد احد وکھالی ڈِتّا تاں کُل ہوئے فانی ھُو

عِلم تمام کیتوسے باھُو ٹھَپ کِتاب اسمانی ھُو

Aqal fikar dee jaa na kaaee,
Jit wahadat sirr subhaanee hoo.

Na uth mullaan pandit joshee,
Na uth ilm Quraanee hoo.

Jad Aihmad aihad wikhaalee dittaa,
Taan kul hove faanee hoo.

Ilm tamaam keetone haasil,
Thapp kitaab asmaanee hoo.

Intellect and wisdom find no foothold
Where the secrets of unity in God are revealed.

Priests are no help there
Nor is any knowledge of the scriptures.

You can only merge your self in the
Absolute When the Master reveals the divine secret.

You can only acquire ultimate knowledge of God
After you put away the scriptures.

(144)

ع۔ عِلموں کوئی فقر کماوے کافر مرے دیوانہ ہُو
سَے ورھیاں وی کرے عِبادت اللہ کنُوں بیگانہ ہُو
غَفلت کنُوں نہ کھُلیس پَردے دل جاہل بُت خانہ ہُو
قُربان تنہاں توں باہُو جِنّہاں مِلیا یار یگانہ ہُو

Ilmon baajh je faqar kamaave,
Kaafir mare deewaanaa hoo.

Sai variaan dee kare ibaadat,
Allaah theen begaanaa hoo.

Ghaflat theen na khulsan parde,
Dil jaahil butkhaanaa hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton,
jinhaan Miliaa yaar yagaanaa hoo.

If you meditate on God without guidance,
You wll die faithless and lost.

Even if you worship like this for hundreds of years,
You would still be unfamiliar with God.

The veil will not be lifted without knowledge of the Way-
The heart will stay dark like a house of idols.

I sacrifice myself to anyone, O Bahu,
Who has found the Master without peer.

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Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu – 8/10

November 15, 2009 by qausain

(145)

غوث قُطب ہن اُرے اُریرے عاشق جان اَگیرے ہُو
جیہڑی منزل عاشق پہنچن غوث نہ پاون پھیرے ہُو
عاشق وچ وصل دے رہندے لامکانیں ڈیرے ہُو
قُربان تِنہاں توں باہُو جِنہاں ذاتو ذات بسیرے ہُو

Ghaus qutb han ure urere,
Aashiq jaan agere hoo.

Jehrhee manzil aashiq pahunchan,
Ghaus na paavan phere hoo.

Aashiq wich visaal de raihnde,
Laamakaanee dere hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton,
jinhaan Zaato zaat basere hoo.

The ghaus and qutb trail behind;
The goal of lovers is far ahead.

The leaders of religion can never reach the stage
To which the lovers of God have easy access.

Lovers are always united with the Beloved;
They abide in realms beyond time and space,

I shall sacrifice myself to anyone, O Bahu,
Whose spirit rests in its own Essence.

(146)

فجری ویلے وقت سویلے آن کرن مزدوری ھُو
کانواں ہِلّاں ہِکسے گلّاں تریجی رَلی چنڈوری ھُو
گھر سوارن کرن مشقت پُٹ پُٹ سُٹن انگوری ھُو
عُمر پٹیندیاں گزری باھُو کدی نہ پئی آ پُوری ھُو

Fajreen wele uth savele,
Aan karan mazdooree hoo.

Kaanvaan illaan hiksee gallaan,
Treejee ralee chandooree hoo.

Maaran cheekhaan karan mushaqqat,
Put put kadh angooree hoo.

Saaree umar pitendiaan guzree,
Kadee na paeeaa pooree hoo.

They rise early; they get to their work fast:

Like crows and vultures they create a racket-
Reading their sermons like the mimicking chandoor.*

They spend their lives like this-
Talking gibberish, shooting prayers into the air

And distorting the message of the scriptures-
Because their hearts are never moved by God’s love.

*

(Chandoor or chandol is a mimicking bird. It imitates sounds, including spoken words – obviously without knowing their meaning, in much the same manner as priests recite and quote the words of Saints without realizing their underlying message)

(148)

قلب تاں ہلیا کیا ہویا کیا ہویا ذکر زبانی ہو

قلبی روحی - خفی - سری سبھے راہ حیرانی ہو

شہ رگ توں نزدیک جلیندا یار نہ ملیوس جانی ہو

نام فقیر تنہاں دا باہو وسدے لا مکانیں ہو

Qalb na hilliaa taan keeh hoiaa,
Hoiaa zikr zabaanee hoo.

Qalbee, roohee, makhfee, sirree,
Sabhe raah hairaanee hoo.

Shaah rag ton nazdeek ho raihndaa,
Yaar na miliaa jaanee hoo.

Naam faqeer tinhaan da,
jehrhe Wasde laamakaanee hoo.

If only done with your tongue and not your heart,
The repetition of God's Name is in vain.

Using the various kings of zikr*-with the heart, the soul,
And other secret methods-only leads to confusion.

These methods give no clue of the Beloved
Who is nearby and only to be found through the Royal Vein.

Only the one whose spirit abides in realms beyond space
Deserves to be called faqir, O Bahu.

*

(At the highest level, Sufi mystics used the term zikr for the inner remembrance or simran. The term was also used for many kinds of repetition practices pertaining to the lower centers of the body and lower spiritual regions)

(149)

کامل مُرشد ہووے جیہڑا دھوبی وانگوں چھٹے ہُو
نال نِگاہ دے پاک کرے تجّی صابون نہ گھتّے ہُو
میلیاں نوں کر دیوے چِٹّا زرہ میل نہ رکھّے ہُو
مُرشد ہووے باہُو جیہڑا لُوں لُوں دے وچ وسّے ہُو

Kaamil murshid aisaa howe,
Jo dhobee vaangoon chhatte hoo.

Naal nigaah de paak kare,
Na sajjee saaban ghatte hoo.

Maile noon kar dendaa chittaa,
Zarraa mail na rakkhe hoo.

Aisaa murshid hove,
jehrhaa Loon loon de wich vasse hoo.

A perfect Master scrubs his disciples
As a washer-man rubs and beats dirt out of clothes.

But unlike the washerman who needs soap,
The Master purifies with his glance,

Removing all traces of dirt from the disciple’s soul.

Let the one who can permeate every pore of my being Be my Master, O Bahu!

(153)

کلمے دی کل تد پیوسے کل کلمے ونج کھولی ہُو
عاشق کلمہ پڑھدے جتھے نُور نبی دی ہولی ہُو
کلمے اندر چوداں طبق کیا جانے خلقت بھولی ہُو
کلمہ پیر پڑھایا باہُو جان اوسے توں گھولی ہُو

Kalme dee kal tad piose,
Jad kal kalme vanj kholee hoo.

Kalmaa aashik parhhde,
jithe Noor nabee dee holee hoo.

Chaudaan tabq kalme de andar,
Keeh jaane khalqat bholee hoo.

Kalmaa saanoon peer parhhaaiaa,
Jind ose ton gholee hoo.

You will only know the marvel of Kalma
When it has opened the window of your heart.

Lovers practise Kalma within their hearts,
Lit by the Master's radiance.

All fourteen realms are within the Kalma-
How can the uninitiated comprehend this secret?

As for me, my Master initiated me into the Kalma.
Since then I have dedicated my soul only to him.

(154)

کلمے دی کل تداں پیوسے مرشد کلمہ دَسیا ھُو
ساری عُمر وچ کفر دے جالی بِن مرشد دے دَسیا ھُو
شاہ علیؓ شیر بہادر وانگن وَڈھ کفر نوں دَھسیا ھُو
دِل صافی تاں ہووے باھُو کلمہ لُوں لُوں رَسیا ھُو

Kalme dee kal tadaan paee,
Jad murshid kalmaa dassiaa hoo.

Saaree umar kufr wich jaalee,
Bin murshid de dassiaan hoo.

Shah Alee Sher-Allaah waangan,
Vaddh kufr noon suttiaa hoo.

Dil saafee taan hove je kar,
Kalmaa loon loon rasiaa hoo.

Only when my Master initiated me into the Kalma
Did I truly understand its meaning.

Only then did it dawn on me.
That I had wasted my earlier life as a non-believer.

But now, in the manner of Hazrat Ali, the lion of God,
Kalma has slain the demon of my non-belief.

Only when the Kalma has saturated every pore of your being
Will your heart be purified, O Bahu.

(155)

کلمے لکھ کروڑاں تارے ولی کیتنے سے راہیں ہُو
کلمے نال بُجھائے دوزخ اَگ بَلے ازگائیں ہُو
کلمے نال بہشتیں جانا نِعمت سنجھ صباحیں ہو
کلمے جیہی نہ کوئی نعمت باہُو دوہیں سرائیں ہُو

Kalme lakkh karorhan taare,
Walee keete sai raaheen hoo.

Kalme naal bujhaae dozakh,
Jith agg bale azgaaheen hoo.

Kalme naal bahishteen jaanaa,
Jith niaamat sanjh subaaheen hoo.

Kalme jehee na niaamat Baahoo,
Andar doheen saraaeen hoo.

The Kalma has ferried millions across the ocean.
In countless ways has it transformed Ordinary mortals into Saints.

Through Kalma is pacified the raging fire of hell;

Through Kalma is attained heaven,
The realm of everlasting bliss.

There is no treasure like Kalma, O Bahu,
In this world and the next.

(156)

کلمے نال میں نہاتی دھوتی کلمے نال ویاہی ہُو
کلمے میرا پڑھیا جنازہ کلمے گور سہائی ہُو
کلمے نال بہشتیں جانا کلمہ کرے صَفائی ہُو
مُڑن محال تِنہاں نوں باہُو جنہاں آپ بُلائی ہُو

Kalme naal main nhaatee dhotee,
Kalme naal viaahee hoo.

Kalmaa meraa parhe janaazaa,
Kalme gor suhaaee hoo.

Kalme naal bahishteen jaanaa,
Kalmaa kare safaaee hoo.

Murhan muhaal tinhaan noo jinhaan,
Saahib aap bulaaee hoo.

In the nectar of Kalma I bathed and purified myself;
To the Kalma I was joined in marriage.

It was Kalma that, in the end, performed my last rites.
It was Kalma that adorned my grave.

With the Kalma I will go to heaven;
Through the Kalma I will be cleansed of my sins.

Those who are called by the Lord himself
Find it hard to turn their backs on Kalma.

(157)

کُنڈ ظُلمات اندھیر غُباراں راہ ہَن خوف خطر دے ہُو
آب حیات منوّر مُکھڑا سائے زُلف عنبّر دے ہُو
مِثل سکندر ڈھونڈن عاشق پلک آرام نہ کردے ہُو
خِضرؑ نصیب جنہاں دے باہُو گھُٹ اوتھے جَا بھر دے ہُو

Kund zulmaat andher ghubaaraan,
Raah nen khauf khatar de hoo.

Aab hayaat munawwar chashme,
Saaye zulf ambar de hoo.

Mukh mahboob daa khaanaa kaabaa,
Aashiq sajdaa karde hoo.

Misal Sikandar dhoondan aashiq,
Palak aaraam na karde hoo.

Khizr naseeb jinhaan de Baahoo,
Ghutt othe jaa bharde hoo.

Utter dark and fearsome is the path,
Leading to the shining pool of the water of life-

Like the Beloved's radiant face,
Hidden under his locks, dark and fragrant.

The Master's face is the holy Ka'ba,
To which lovers prostrate themselves in obeisance.

As Alexander sought the water of life in the world,
So lovers relentlessly search for this nectar within.

But only fortunate souls
Blessed with a Master's guidance Drink from that pool of nectar.

(158)

کُن فیکُون جَدوں فرماؤُس اساں بھی کولے ہاسے ہُو

ہِکّے ذات صفات ربے دی ہِکّے جگ ڈُھنڈیاسے ہُو

لامکان مکان اَساڈا آن بُتاں وچ پھَاسے ہُو

نفس پلیت پلیتے باہُو اصل پلیت تاں نَہبے ہُو

Kun faikoon jadon farmaaiaa,
Asaan vi kole haase hoo.

Hikke zaat sifaat Rabbe dee,
Hikke jag dhundiaase hoo.

Hikke laamakaan asaadaa,
Hikke butt wich phaase hoo.

Nafs shaitaan paleetee keetee,
Asal paleet taan naase hoo.

When God ordained the Creation,
we were with him;

We possessed his qualities, we were of his essence.
Separated, now we wander around searching for him.

Once we lived in the realm of pure spirit;
Trapped in physical bodies we now cry in pain.

We were unsullied in our native state-
It was our satanic ego that defiled us all, O Bahu.

(159)

کُوک دِلا مَتاں رَبّ سُنے چا دردمنداں دیاں آہیں ھُو
سینہ میرا دردیں بھریا اندر بھڑکن بھاہیں ھُو
تیلاں باجھ نہ بَلن مشالاں درداں باجھ نہ آہیں ھُو
آتش نال یرانہ باھُو پھر اوہ سڑن کہ ناہیں ھُو

Kook dilaa mat Rabb sune chaa,
Dardmandaan diaan aaheen hoo.

Seenaa meraa dardeen bhariaa,
Andar bharhkan bhaaheen hoo.

Telaan baajh na balan masaalaan,
Dardaan baajh na aaheen hoo.

Aatish naal yaraane laa ke,
Bhambat sarhan keeh naaheen hoo.

Cry, my heart – perhaps the Lord wil hear
The cries of a lover in torment!

My heart burns, filled with grief
And with the pain of separation.

No more can a heart sigh without grief
Than a torch burn without oil.

If, like a moth, you make friends with fire,
Like a moth, O Bahu, you must perish in its flames.

(160)

کیا ہویا بُت اوڈِھر ہویا دل ہر گِز دُور نہ تھِیوے ہُو
سئیاں کوہاں تے مرشد وَسدا وِچ حضور دَسِیوے ہُو
جَیں دے اندر عشق دی رَتّی بِن شرابوں کِھیوے ہُو
نام فقیر تِنہّاں دا باہُو قبر جنہّاں دی جِیوے ہُو

Keeh hoiaa butt door giaa,
Dil hargiz door na theeve hoo.

Sai kohaan te wasdaa murshid,
Wich huzoor diseeve hoo.

Jainde andar ishq dee rattee,
Bin sharaabon kheeve hoo.

Naam faqeer tinhaan daa Baahoo,
Qabr jinhaan dee jeeve hoo.

It matters little if I am physically a long way off-
My Master is never far from my heart.

He may have gone a thousand miles away to live-
I always find him present in my heart.

Those who have even an iota of love in their hearts
Remain intoxicated with the wine of that love- They need no other wine.

Only they may be called faqirs, O Bahu,
Whose very graves breathe Life.

English translation: http://www.hazratsultanbahu.com

Posted in Sultan Bahu | Tagged English translation, kalam, Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu, Lyrics, Lyrics & Translation, MP3 Download, Pakistan, Poetry, Punjabi, Punjabi Poetry, Roman English, Sufi Poetry, Sufism, Sultan Bahu, Translation | 1 Comment

One Response

1. on January 26, 2011 at 11:34 pm | Reply **aziz**

u have done a great service to provide script and englis translation for those who are foreign to the language.
i would appreciate if u could provide me with the script of klam/song sung by Pathaney khan " uche thuade zaat ……. " the second part of his klam , ….. siaan …".
Though sariki is my mother tongue but been in Canada over fifty years without having the chance to speak, i have trouble in understanding the words. aziz

Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu – 9/10

(161)

سُجھے سائے صاحب والے کجھ نہیں خبر اصل دی ھُو
گندم دانہ بُہتا چکھیا؟ گل پئی ڈور ازل دی ھُو
پھاہی دے وِچ میں پئی تڑپاں بُلبل باغ مثل دی ھُو
غیر دِلے تھیں سٹ کے باھُو رکھ اُمید فضل دی ھُو

Gujjhe saae saahib waale,
Naheen kujh khabr asal dee hoo.

Gandam daanaa bahutaa chugiaa,
Gal paee dor azal dee hoo.

Phaahee de wich main paee tarhpaan,
Bulbul baagh misal dee hoo.

Ghair dile theen sutt ke Baahoo,
Rakhee-e aas fazal dee hoo.

Unknown to me now are the mysteries of my Lord-
My origin I have all but forgotten!

The temptation to eat the forbidden fruit
Put the noose of destiny around my neck.

Once I sang like a nightingale in my Lord’s garden-
Trapped in this mortal cage, I now flutter with pain.

Discard love for everything else from your heart,
And pray only for his grace to call you back, O Bahu.

(162)

گودڑیاں وچ جال جنہاں دی راتیں جاگن اَدّھیاں ہُو
سِک ماہی دی ٹِکن نہ دیندی اَگّے دیندے بَدیاں ہُو
اندر میرا حق تپایا کھلیاں راتیں کڈھیاں ہُو
تَن تھیں ماس جدا ہو باہُو سوکھ جھُلارے ہڈیاں ہُو

Godarheeaan wich laal jinhaan dee,
Raateen jaagon addheeaan hoo.

Sik maahee dee tikan na dendee,
Lokeen dende badeeaan hoo.

Andar meraa Haqq tapaaiaa,
Khaleeaan raateen kaddhiaan hoo.

Tan theen maas alaihdaa hoiaa,
Sookh jhulaare haddeeaan hoo.

People with rubies in their ragged bundles*
Wake up in the dead of night to meditate on Kalma.

Their intense longing to meet the Beloved Permits them no rest,
While the ignorant hurl abuse at them.

Many nights have I stood in prayer and supplication;
My heart burns in the fire of longing for the Lord.

My grief has soaked up my blood And shrivelled my loosened skin,
Making my bones rattle in this skeletal frame-
Such is the depth of my separation from the Beloved!

*

(Rubies in a ragged bundle is an expression meaning a person outwardly

poor but gifted with rich inner qualities. Rubies, in the present case, signifies Kalma within the ragged bundle of the body)

(163)

گیا ایمان عِشقے دے پاروں ہو کر کافر رہیئے ھُو

گھَت زُنار کُفر دا گل وچ بُت خانے وچ بہیئے ھُو

جس جا جانی نظر نہ آوے سجدہ مُول نہ دیئے ھُو

جانی نظر نہ آوے باھُو کلمہ مُول نہ کہیئے ھُو

Gia eemaan ishqe de paaron,
Ho ke kaafir rahee-e hoo.

Ghat zunaaur kufar daa gal wich,
Buttkhaane wich bahee-e hoo.

Jis jaa jaanee nazar na aave,
Sajdaa mool na daee-e hoo.

Jaan kar jaanee nazar na aave,
Kalmaa mool na kahee-e hoo.

When love of God enters you heart,
Religion will fall by the wayside And you will be left in infidel.

You should then wear The sacred thread of idol worshipers
And live in the idol house [of your heart].

For futile is prostration Where the Beloved is not manifest;

Pointless the repitition of the Kalma
Where the Beloved is not seen face to face.

(164)

ل۔ لَہُ ہو غیری دھندے ہِک پل مُول نہ رہندے ہُو

عِشق نے پٹے رُکھ جَڑھاں تھیں اِک دم ہول نہ سَہندے ہُو

جیہڑے پَتھّر وانگ پہاڑاں لُون وانگوں گل وَہندے ہُو

عشق سوکھالا ہوندا باہُو سَبھّ عاشق بن بَہندے ہُو

Laam-laahoo ghairee dhande,
Hik pal mool na raihnde hoo.

Ishq ne putte rukh jarhaan theen,
Hik dam haul na saihnde hoo.

Jehrhe patthar vaang paharaan,
Loon vaangoon gal vaihnde hoo.

Ishq je saukhaa hundaa Baahoo,
Sab aashiq ban baihnde hoo.

When you attach yourself to the Lord Alla'hu
All your worldly involvements are at once ended.

Love has pulled out huge trees of worldly attachment
By the root- Where before, even the worst storm Wouldn’t dislodge a leaf.

Love has dissolved huge rocks of carnal passion
As though they were salt.

Love is not child’s play, O Bahu!
If it were, everyone would have become a lover of God.

(165)

لا یحتاج جنہاں نوں ہویا فقر تنہاں نوں سارا ہو
نظر جنہاں دی کیمیا ہووے اوہ کیوں مارن پارا ہو
دوست جنہاں دا حاضر ہووے دشمن لین نہ وارا ہو
قربان تنہاں توں باہو جنہاں ملیا نبیؐ سہارا ہو

Laayuhtaaj jinhaan noon hoiaa,
Faqr jinhaan noon saaraa hoo.

Nazar jinhaan dee keemeeaa hove,
Oh kion maaran paaraa hoo.

Dost jinhaan daa haazir hove,
Dushman lain na vaaraa hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton, Baahoo,
Jinh miliaa nabee sahaaraa hoo.

Lovers who completely renounce the world
Become contented and free from want.

They need practise no alchemy,
For they can, with but one glance, Turn base metal into gold.

Their enemies have no chance against them-
Their Friend is always by their side.

I sacrifice myself to the one, O Bahu,
Who makes his Master the mainstay of his life.

(166)

لِکھن سِکھیوں لِکھ نہ جاتا کاغذ کِیتو ضائعا ہُو
قَط قَلم نوں مار نہ جانیں کاتب نام دَھرایا ہُو
سبھ اصلاح تیری ہوسی کھوٹی جاں کاتب ہتھ آیا ہُو
صحیح تنہاں دی باہُو جنہاں الف تے میم پکایا ہُو

Likhan sikhion likh na jaataa,
Kaaghaz keetaa zaaiaa hoo.

Katt qalam noon maar na haanen,
Kaatib naam dharaaiaa hoo.

Sabh islaah eh hosee khotee,
Jaan kaatib hath aaiaa hoo.

Sahee islaah tinhaan dee,
jinhaan Alif te meem pakaaiaa hoo.

You learned to write in a beautiful hand,
But what to write you didn’t learn-
The whole exercise was a waste of paper.

You call yourself a calligrapher
When you can’t even shape a writing pen!

When your script is examined by the real Scribe
All your efforts will prove to have been worthless.

Only when you repeatedly write Ali and Meem*
On the tablet of your heart, will you pass his test.

*
Alif stands for Allah; meem (M) stands for Murshid (Master)

(167)

لوک قبر دا کرسن چارہ لحد بناون ڈیرا ھُو
چُٹکی بھر مٹی دی پاسن کرسن ڈھیر اُچیرا ھُو
دے درود گھراں نوں ونجن کُوکن شیرا شیرا ھُو
بے پروا درگاہ باھُو نہیں فضلاں باجھ نبیڑا ھُو

Lok qabar daa karsan chaaraa,
Laihad banaawan deraa hoo.

Chutkee bhar mittee dee paasan,
Karsan dher ucheraa hoo.

De darood gharaan noon vanjan,
Kookan sheraa sheraa hoo.

Wich dargaah na amlaan baajhon,
Baahoo hog naberha hoo.

Eventually your grave will be dug
And your body slid into the lahad.*

Your loved ones will throw handfuls of dust
And raise a mound of earth over you.

They will say the death-prayer for you soul's benefit,
They go home wailing and weeping at your sad demise.

But even after death there is no relief from pain
Other than through good deeds done while living-
Which alone count in the court of the Lord, O Bahu.

*

(A lahad is a side-extension at the bottom of a grave that provides room for the dead body. The grave is filled up with earth but the lahad remains hollow, providing 'breathing space' for the body)

(168)

لوہا ہوویں پیا کُٹیویں تاں تلوار سڈیویں ہو
کنگھی وانگوں پیا چریویں زُلف محبوب بھریویں ہو
مہندی وانگوں پیا گھوٹیویں تلی محبوب رنگیویں ہو
عاشق صادق ہوویں باہُو رس پریم دی پیویں ہو

Lohaa hoven piaa kuteeven,
Taan talwaar sadeeven hoo.

Kanghee caangoon piaa chireeven,
Zulf mahboob bhareeven hoo.

Mehndee vaangoon piaa ghuteeven,
Hath mahboob rangeeven hoo.

Vaang kapaah piaa pinjeeven,
Taan dastaar sadeeven hoo.

Aashiq saadiq hoven Baahoo,
Taan ras prem daa peeven hoo.

Like a piece of iron that is to be forged into a fine sword,
You must bear the Blacksmith's unrelenting hammer blows,

Like a comb you must be finely sawn
Before you can caress the Beloved's locks.

Like henna leaves you must be ground into powder
Before you can adorn the Beloved's palms.*

Like cotton you must endure being carded
Before you are woven into a turban for his head.

You will only taste the nectar of divine love
When you become a true lover of God, O Bahu.

*

(In india, women use a paste of powdered henna leaves to decorate the palms of their hands, sometimes even the soles of their feet, at their weddings and on various other festive occasions)

(169)

مال جان سب خرچ کراہاں کریئے خرید فقیری ہُو
فقرکنُوں رَبّ حاصل ہووے کیوں کیجے دِلگیری ہُو
دُنیا کارن دِین ونجاون کُوڑی شیخی پِیری ہُو
تَرک دُنیا تھیں کیتی باہُو شاہ مِیرُاں دی میری ہُو

Maal te jaan sab kharch karaahan,
Karee-e khreed faqeeree hoo.

Faqr kanoon Rabb haasil hove,
Kion keeje dilgeeree hoo.

Duneeaa kaaran deen vanjaavan,
Koorhee sheikhee peeree hoo.

Tark duneeaa theen Qaadir keetee,
Shaah Meeraan dee meeree hoo.

Sell everything you have-spare not your life,
And purchase the wealth of devotion to God.

Why carry the burdens of life on your soul
When, through devotion, you can merge in the Lord?

False prophets sell their souls to the world
And mislead seekers with a pretence of spiritual guidance.

Sheikh Qadir Jilani truly renounced the world;
He was indeed a king among mystics.

(170)

مذہباں دے دروازے اُچّے راہ ربانا موری ہُو
پنڈتاں تے ملوانیاں کولوں چھُپ چھُپ لنگھنیے چوری ہُو
اڈّیاں مارن کرن بکھیڑے دردمنداں دے کھوری ہُو
باہُو چل اُتھائیں وسیئے دعویٰ کسے نہ ہوری ہُو

Mazhabaan de darwaaze uchche,
Raah Rabbaanaa moree hoo.

Pandit te mulvaane kolon,
Chhup chhup langhee-e choree hoo.

Addeeaan maaran, karn bakherhe,
Dardmandaan de khoree hoo.

Baahoo chal uthaaeen wasee-e,
Daahvaa na jith horee hoo.

Lofty are the portals of religion;
Hard to find is the narrow path that leads to God.

Walk along it unnoticed,
Stealing past the priests.

They protest, they obstruct,
They persecute people who really love God.

Let us go and live somewhere, Bahu,
Where no one but God holds supremacy.

(171)

مُرشد اوہ سہیڑیئے جیہڑا دوجگ خوشی وکھاوے ھُو
پہلے غم ٹکڑے دا میٹے رب دا راہ سُجھاوے ھُو
کلّر والی کَنْدھی نوُں چا چانْدی خاص بناوے ھُو
جس اِتھ کُجھ نہ کیتا باھُو کُوڑے لارے لاوے ھُو

Murshid oh saherhee-e jehrhaa,
Do jagg khushee wakhaave hoo.

Paihale gham turke daa mete,
Vat Rabb daa raah sujhaave hoo.

Kallar waalee kandhee non chaa,
Chaandee khaas banaave hoo.

Jis murshid ith kujh na keetaa,
Koorhe laare laave hoo.

You should only choose someone as your Master
Who bestows the blessings of both worlds on you.

First he will drive the wolf from your door,
Then reveal to you the path to God.

He will transform the barren ground of your heart
Into fertile soil, so the seed of God's Name can grow.

If a Master has not accomplished this for you
In this very life, You can be sure he is feeding you false promises.

(172)

مُرشد باجھوں فقر کملون وِچ کفر دے وُبڈّے ہُو
ہو مشائخ بہندے حجُرے غوث قُطب بن اُڈّے ہُو
رات اندھاری مُشکل پَینّڈا سَے سَے آون ٹُھڈّے ہُو
تسبیحاں نپ بہن مسیتیں مُوش باہُو جیوں کُھڈّے ہُو

Murshid baajhon faqar kamaave,
Wich kufar de budde hoo.

Sheikh mushaaikh ho baihnde hujre,
Ghaus-qutab ban udde hoo.

Raat andhaaree mushkil paindaa,
Sai sai aavan thudde hoo.

Tasbeehaan napp baihan maseetee,
Jion moosh bahe varh khudde hoo.

If someone practises devotion without a Master,
He will drown himself in the mire of atheism.

He will drown himself up as a sheikh in a mosque
Or acquire other religious titles to boost his ego.

Little does the poor fellow realize That the night is dark,
the path steep, And the journey is plagued with untold pitfalls.

With a rosary in hand he may sit in his cell
Like a mouse, sticking his head out of his hole.

(173)

مُرشد مکّہ طالب حاجی کعبہ عِشق بنایا ہُو
وِچ حضُور سَدا ہر ویلے کریئے حج سوایا ہُو
ہِک دم میتھوں جُدا نہ ہووے دل مِلنے تے آیا ہُو
مُرشد عین حیاتی باہُو لُوں لُوں وِچ سمایا ہُو

Murshid makkaa, taalib haajee,
Kaabaa ishq banaaiaa hoo.

Wich huzoor sadaa har wele,
Karee-e hajj savaaiaa hoo.

Hikk dam maithon judaa na hove,
Dil milne te aaiaa hoo.

Murshid ain hayaatee Baahoo,
Loon loon wich samaaiaa hoo.

The Master is the Mecca, his love the shrine of Ka'ba;
The disciple is a pilgrim set out on the holy voyage.

As for me, my pilgrimage is always complete-
For I am constantly in the presence of my Master.

He doesn't part company with me even for a moment,
As my heart always yearns to see him.

My Master is to me my very life, O Bahu;
He has permeated every pore of my being.

(174)

مُرشد میرا شہباز اِلٰہی رلیا سنگ حَبِیباں ھُو

تقدیر اِلٰہی چِھکیاں ڈوراں مِلسی نال نصیباں ھُو

کوہڑیاں دے دُکھ دور کریندا کرے شفا غریباں ھُو

مرض دا دارُو توں ہیں باھُو گھتنائیں وَس طبیباں ھُو

Murshid hai shaahbaaz Ilaahee,
Raliaa sang habeebaan hoo.

Taqdeer Ilaahee chhikkeeaan doraan,
Milsee naal naseebaan hoo.

Kohrhiaan de dukh door karendaa,
Kare shafaa mareezaan hoo.

Har ik marz daa daaroo toon hain,
Ghatt na vass tabeebaan hoo.

My Master is a bird of paradise;
He only flies with his own kind.

Through great good fortunes you will have his vision-
If the Lord pulls the strings of destiny in your favor.

He cleanses the lepers of their leprosy;
He removes the deformities of the spiritually crippled.

You hold the panacea for all ills, my Master!
Pray, do not leave Bahu to the care of physicians.

(175)

مُرشد مینوں حَج مکّے دا رحمت دا دروازہ ہُو

کراں طواف دوالے قِبلے نِت ہووے حج تازہ ہُو

کُن فیکون جدوکا سُنیا مُرشد دا آوازہ ہُو

مُرشد سدا حیاتی باہُو اوہو خِضر خوازہ ہُو

Murshid mainoon hajj makke daa,
Raihmat daa darwaazaa hoo.

Karaan tawaaf davaale qible,
Hajj hove nit taazaa hoo.

Kun faikoon jadokaa suniaa,
Dittha oh darwaazaa hoo.

Murshid sadaa hayaatee waalaa,
Oho Khizr te Khwaajaa hoo.

A visit to my Master is, for me,
Like a devout Muslim’s pilgrimage to Mecca.
My master is indeed the gateway to God’s mercy.

Like a pilgrim circling the shrine of Ka’ba,
My life revolves around my Master-
Thus is my pilgrimage ever renewed;
This is my love ever rejuvenated.

Ever since the Lord ordained the Creation,
Ever since I last saw that gateway to his court,

My Master has lived forever, Bahu-
As the Khizr who has conquered death,
As the Creator who lives in human form.

(176)

مُرشد وانگ سُنارے ہووے گھت کُٹھالی گالے ہُو
پا کٹھالی باہر کڈھے بُندے گھڑے یا والے ہُو
کنیں خُوباں تدوں سُہاون کھٹے پا اُجالے ہُو
نام فقیر تنہاں دا باہُو جیہڑا دوست سمھالے ہُو

Murshid vaang suniaare hove,
Ghat kuthaalee gaale hoo.

Paa kuthaalee baahar kaddhe,
Bunde gharhe yaa vaale hoo.

Kanneen khoobaan tadon suhaavan,
Jad khatte paa ujaale hoo.

Naam faqeer tise daa,
jehrhaa Dam dam dost sambhaale hoo.

Just as a goldsmith melts gold And purifies it in his crucible,
The Master melts and purifies the disciple’s soul.

To mould it into beautiful ornaments-
Be they studs or earrings.

Only after they have been sculpted and polished
Are they considered fit to adorn the Beloved’s ears.

Only the one who enshrines the Friend in his heart,
And remembers him with every breath Deserves the name ‘faqir’, O Bahu.

(177)

مُرشد وَسّے سَے کوہاں تے میں‌نوں دِسّے نیڑے ہُو

کِیہ ہویا بُت اوہلے ہویا وَسّے اوہ وچ میرے ہُو

جِنّہاں ذات سہی چاکیتی رکھدے قدم اگیرے ہُو

نَحنُ اَقرَبُ لبھیوسے باہُو جھگڑے کُل نبیڑے ہُو

Murshid wasse sai kohaan te,
Mainoon disse nerhe hoo.

Keeh hoiaa butt ohle hoiaa,
Wasse oh wich mere hoo.

Alif dee zaat sahee jis keetee,
Rakkhe qadam agere hoo.

Nahun aqrab labh leeose,
Jhagrhe kul naberhe hoo.

A thousand miles away is my Master's abode,
But I always see him nearby.

It's of little consequence if he's physically out of sight;
My heart is his real home.

Whoever realizes the oneness of God
Will always progress on his spiritual journey-

He finds the Lord nearby, through the Royal Vain;
He puts an end to the problems of life forever.

(178)

مُرشد ہادی سبق پڑھایا پڑھیوں بِنا پڑھیوے ہُو
انگلیاں وچ کَنّاں دتیاں سُنیوں بِنا سُنیوے ہُو
نین نَیناں وَل تُر تُر تکدے ڈِٹھیوں بِنا ڈسیوے ہُو
ہر خانے وِچ وَسدا باہُو کَن سُر اوہ رکھِیوے ہُو

Murshid haadee sabaq parhhaaiaa,
Parhhion bina parhheeve hoo.

Unglaan wich kannaan de ditteeaan,
Sunion bina suneeve hoo.

Nain nainaan wal tur tur takde,
Dithion binaa diseeve hoo.

Har khaane wich jaanee Baahoo,
Kin sir oh rakheeve hoo.

My Master has taught me a lesson:
It repeats itself-without me repeating it.

When I plug my ears with my fingers,
Without learning, I hear its melodies.

My eyes are longing for a glimpse of him:
Without seeing, I see his radiant face.

In every heart abides the Beloved, O Bahu,
In countless forms he reveals himself to me.

(179)

مُوتُوا والی موت نہ مِلّی جیں وِچ عشق حیاتی ھُو
موت وصل تھیوسے ہِکو اِسم پڑھیوسے ڈاتی ھُو
عَین دے وِچوں عین تھیوسے دُور رہے قرباتی ھُو
ذِکر ہمیش کریندا باھُو دینہاں سُکھ نہ راتی ھُو

Mootoo waalee maut na milsi,
Jain wich maut hayaatee hoo.

Maut wisaal theeose hik jad,
Ism parhheeve zaatee hoo.

Aain de andar aain theeose,
Door hove qurbaatee hoo.

Hoo daa zikr sarhendaa Baahoo,
Deehaan sukh na raatee hoo.

If you die by practising God's real Name,
Death will become synonymous with merging in him.

There is no other way you can die the death
That promises dying while living.

When the soul merges in the Lord,
Nearness changes into oneness with him.

I am restless, O Bahu, in my longing to merge in Hu!
Day and night my heart burns in his remembrance.

(180)

میں شہباز کراں پروازاں وچ افلاک کرم دے ہُو
زباں تاں میری کُن برابر موڑاں کم قلم دے ہُو
افلاطون ارسطو جیہے میں اَگّے کِس کم دے ہُو
حَاتم جیہے لکھ کروڑاں دَر باہُو تے تھمدے ہُو

Main shaahbaz karaan parvaazaan,
Wich aflaak karam de hoo.

Zabaan taan meree kun braabar,
Morhaan kam qalam de hoo.

Aflaatoon, Arastoo varge,
Main agge kis kam de hoo.

Haatim varge lakh karorhaan Dar,
Baahoo de mangde hoo.

I am a bird of paradise that flies high
In the heavens of God's blessing.

In my word is hidden the Command of God;
In my will lies the power to reverse destiny.

Trivial before me is the wisdom of Plato and Aristotle;

Millions like Hatim, unmatched in their generosity,*
Are but beggars at Bahu's door.

*

(Hatim Tai: a legendary philanthropist of Yemen)

(181)

میں کوجھی میرا دلبر سوہنا کیونکر اِس نوں بھاواں ھُو
ویہڑے ساڈے وَڑدا ناہیں لکھ وسیلے پاواں ھُو
نہ سوہنی نہ دولت پلے کیونکر یار مَناواں ھُو
ایہ دُکھ ہر دَم رہسی باھُو روندڑی ہی مر جاواں ھُو؟

Main kojhee meraa dilbar sohnaa,
Kion kar usnoon bhaanwaan hoo.

Wehrhe saade varhdaa naaheen,
Lakkh vaseele paavaan hoo.

Na sohnee na daulat palle,
Kion kar yaar manaavaan hoo.

Dukh hamesh eh raihsee Baahoo,
Rondee hee mar jaavaan hoo.

Impeccable is my Beloved. Awkward and ungainly am I-
How can I ever win his heart?

Despite the countless pleas I make to him,
He does not enter the courtyard of my heart.

I have neither beauty nor wealth-
How am I to please my Beloved, O friend!

Am I destined to live with this torment, Bahu?
Or perhaps I will die of crying in pain!

Kalam Hazrat Sultan Bahu – 10/10

November 15, 2009 by qausain

(182)

نال کُسنگی سنگ نہ کریئے کُل نوں لاج نہ لائیے ہُو
تُمّے تربز مُول نہ ہوندے توڑ تکّے لے جائیے ہُو
کانْو دے بچّے ہنس نہ تھیندے موتی چوگ چُگائیے ہُو
کھوہ نہ مِٹھے ہوندے باہُو سَے مناں کھنڈ پائیے ہُو

Naal kusangee sang na karee-e,
Kul noon laaj na laaee-e hoo.

Timme mool tarbooz na honde,
Torh makke lai jaaee-e hoo.

Kaan de bachche hans na theende,
Pae motee chog chugaaee-e hoo.

Kaurhe khooh na mitthe hunde,
Sai manaan khand paaee-e hoo.

Shun the company of the ill-reputed,
Lest it should discredit your family.

Never will a bitter melon turn sweet,
Even if you take on a pligrimage to Mecca.

Never will the offspring of a crow grow into a swan,
Even if you nourish it on pearls.

Never will the water of a bitter well turn sweet,
Even if you pour tons of sugar into it.

(183)

نِت اساڈے کھلّے کھانّدی ایہا دُنیا زِشتی ھُو
جیں دے کارن بَہہ بَہہ رووَن شیخ مَشائخ چِشتی ھُو
جِنّھاں اندر حُبّ دُنیا دی بُڈّی اوہناں دی کِشتی ھُو
تَرک دُنیا تھیں کِیتی باھُو خاصہ راہ بہشتی ھُو

Nit asaade khalle khaandee,
Ehaa duneeaa zishtee hoo.

Jainde kaaran baih baih rovan,
Sheikh, mushaaikh, Chishtee hoo.

Jinhaan andar hubb duneeaa dee,
Gharq unhaan dee kishtee hoo.

Tark duneeaa dee kar toon Baahoo,
Khaasaa raah bahishtee hoo.

This foul, ugly world For which priests and leaders of religion shed tears
Is rebuffed and rebuked by the lovers of God.

If you are ambitious for the world,
You will drown midstream in the ocean of life.

Let us renounce the world, O Bahu,
And adopt the invaluable path to God.

(184)

نفل نمازاں کم زنانہ روزے صَرفہ روٹی ھُو
تکّے دے وَل سوئی جاندے جِنّہاں گھروں تروٹی ھُو
اُچّیاں بانگاں سوئی دیون نِیت جنّہاں دی کھوٹی ھُو
کِینہ پروا تِنّہاں نوں باھُو جِنّہاں گھر وچ بوہٹی ھُو

Nafal namaazaan kamm zanaanaa,
Roze sarfaa rotee hoo.

Makke de val soee jaande,
Gharon jinhaan tarotee hoo.

Uchcheeaan baangaan soee devan,
Neeat jinhaan dee khotee hoo.

Keeh parvaah tinhaan noon,
jinhaan Ghar wich laddhee bauhtee hoo.

Formal prayer and prostration are feeble pursuits.
Fasting has little merit, other than to save food.

Only they go on pilgrimage to Mecca
Who are not wanted at home.

Only they pray loudly, professing their devotion,
Who are deceptive of intent.

But those who have found God's Name in their hearts
Care not to fast nor prostrate themselves in formal prayer.

(185)

نہ اوہ ہندو نہ مومن نہ سجدہ دین مسیتی ہُو
دَم دَم دے وِچ ویکھن مولا جِنّہاں قضا نہ کیتی ہُو
آہے دانے بَنے دِیوانے ذات سہی وَنّج کیتی ہُو
قُربان تِنّہاں توں باہُو جِنّہاں عِشق بازی چُن لیتی ہُو

Na oh Hindu na oh momin,
Na sajdaa den maseetee hoo.

Dam dam de wich wekhan Maulaa,
Jinhaan qazaa na keetee hoo.

Aahe daane bane divane,
Zaat sahee vanj keetee hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton Baahoo,
Ishq baazee jin leetee hoo.

Not Hindu’s no Muslims-
Free of religious ties, lovers don’t pray in temples;

But they never take a break from their devotions
And are always in communion with the Lord within.

Absorbed in the essence of the Lord,
They feign ignorance to conceal their wisdom.

I sacrifice myself to anyone, O Bahu,
Who eneters the arena of love and wins its game.

(186)

نہ رَبّ عَرش مُعلّٰے اُتے نہ رَبّ خانے کعبے ہُو
نہ رَبّ عِلم کتابیں لَبھّا نہ رب وِچ محرابے ہُو
گنگا تیرتھیں مُول نہ مِلیا پَینڈے بے حِسابے ہُو
جد دا مرشد پھڑیا باہُو چُھٹے سب عذابے ہُو

Na Rabb arsh mu-alla utte,
Na Rabb khaavve Kaabe hoo.

Na Rabb ilm kitaabeen labbhaa,
Na Rabb wich maihraabe hoo.

Ganga teerath mool na miliaa,
Painde be-hisaabe hoo.

Jad daa murshid pharhiaa Baahoo,
Chhutte sab aazaabe hoo.

God doesn’t live in the highest heaven,
Nor can he be found in the holy shrine of Ka’ba.

No one ever found him through learning
Or by knowing the scriptures.

I never met him through bathing in holy waters-
I roamed far and wide in a fruitless search.

But I was rid of all my despair and anguish
When I put myself in my Master’s hands, O Bahu.

(187)

نہ کوئی طالب نہ کوئی مُرشد سب دلاسے مُٹھے ہُو
راہ فقر دا پرے پریرے حرص دنیا دے کُٹھے ہُو
شوق الٰہی غالب ہویا جِند مرنے تے اُٹھے ہُو
جیں تن بھاہ بِرہوں دی باہُو مرن تہائے گُھٹھے ہُو

Na koee taalib, na koee murshid,
Sab dilaase mutthe hoo.

Raah faqr daa pare parere,
Hirs duneeaa dee kutthe hoo.

Shauq Ilaahee ghaalib hoiaa,
Jind marne te utthe hoo.

Jain tan bharhke bhaah birhon dee,
Maran tirhaae bhukkhe hoo.

There aer few genuine disciples.
People purporting to be Masters Perpetuate themselves with false promises.

They exploit their followers to satisfy their greed;
They have no inkling of the exaltation of the mystic path.

But when their hearts are touched by God’s love,
They willingly sacrifice their lives on this path.

People who burn in the fire of worldly passions
Will die hungry and thirsty for the world.

(188)

نہ میں جوگی نہ میں جنگم نہ میں چِلّا کمایا ہُو
نہ میں بھجّ مسیتیں وَڑیا نہ تَسبحہ کھڑکایا ہُو
جو دم غافل سو دم کافر مُرشد ایہہ فرمایا ہُو
مُرشد سوہنی کیتی باہُو پَل وچ چا پہنچایا ہُو

Na main jogee na main jangam,
Na main chillaa kamaaiaa hoo.

Na main bhajj maseetee varhiaa,
Na tasbaa kharhkaaiaa hoo.

Jo dam ghaaril so dam kaafir,
Murshid eh farmaaiaa hoo.

Murshid sohnee keetee Baahoo,
Pal wich chaa pahunchaaiaa hoo.

I am not a yogi, I am not a jangam.*
I don’t do forty-day retreats.

I have never escaped to a mosque,
Nor have I ever rattled the beads of a rosary.

My Master has taught me a precious lesson:
The moment you have forgotten to remember God
Is the moment you have spent in denial of God!

O, what a marvel my Master has performed-
In no time has he transported me to the Lord!

*

(A kind of Hindu mendicant with matted hair and bells; a worshiper of Shiva)

(189)

نہ میں سیر نہ پاء چھٹاکی نہ پُوری سرساہی ہُو
نہ میں تولہ نہ میں ماشہ گل رتیاں تے آئی ہُو
رتّی ہوواں ونج رتیاں تُلّاں اوہ بھی پوری ناہی ہُو
تول پورا ونج ہوسی باہُو جداں فضل الٰہی ہُو

Na main ser na paa chhataakee,
Na pooree sarsaahee hoo.

Na main tolaa, na main maasaa,
Gal rattiaan te aaee hoo.

Rattee hovaan rattiaan tullaan,
Oh bhee pooree naahee hoo.

Wazan tol pooraa tad hosee,
Jad hosee fazal Ilaahee hoo.

I am neither a seer nor a pao.*
I am not a chhatak nor quite a sarsahi.

I am not a tola nor indeed a masha.
I must now weigh myself against a ratti.

But I find I am even less significant
Than a ratti, the smallest measure of weight!

I will only assume my true worth
When the Lord showers his grace on me!

*

(A sser is a weight measure, slightly less than a kilogram. Bahu takes seer as the standard representing a spiritually mature person. He mentions other weight measures (give in italics) in their descending order-right down to ratti, the smallest measure. This bait is on humility and self abnegation, inferring that we are totally worthless; that it is God's grace alone that can invest our couls with value)

(190)

نہ میں سُنّی نہ میں شیعہ دوہاں توں دِل سڑیا ہُو
مُک گئے سب خشکی پَینڈے دریا رحمت وَڑیا ہُو
کئی من تارے تَرتَر ہارے کوئی کنارے چڑھیا ہُو
صحیح سلامت چَڑھ گئے باہُو مُرشد دا لَڑ پھڑیا ہُو

Na main Sunnee, na main Sheeaa,
Dohaan ton fil sarhiaa hoo.

Mukk gae sabh khushkee painde,
Jad dariaa wahadat varhiaa hoo.

Kaee mantaare tar tar haare,
Koee kinaare charhhiaa hoo.

Sahee salaamat paar gae,
Jinh murshid daa larh pharhiaa hoo.

I am neither a Sunni nor a Shia:
Both make me sick; both cause me heartburn.

The arid part of my journey ended
When I turned away from both
And plunged into the ocean of oneness.

Many dived into that ocean ill-prepared,
And drowned- Only the rare one who was able to swim across!

But those who held fast to their Master’s hand
Safely landed ashore.

(191)

نہ میں عالِم نہ میں فاضل نہ مُفتی نہ قاضی ہُو

نہ دِل میرا دوزخ منگے نہ بہشتیں راضی ہُو

نہ میں تریہے روزے رکھّے نہ میں پاک نمازی ہُو

باجھ وصل اللہ دے باہُو دنیا کُوڑی بازی ہُو

Na main aalim, na main faazil,
Na muftee na qazee hoo.

Na dil meraa dozakh te,
Na shauq bahishteen raazee hoo.

Na main treehe roze rakkhe,
Na main paak namaazee hoo.

Bajh wisaal Allaah de Baahoo,
Duneeaa koorhee baazee hoo.

I am neither scholarly nor virtuous;
I am not a priest, Nor am I an expounder of Qur’anic law.

I crave not heavenn, I fear not hell.

I have never fasted for the thrity days of ramzaan,
Nor have I been a devout worshipper in a mosque.

This world is but a false drama
Unless union is attained with God, O Bahu

(192)

نہیں فقیری جلّیاں مارن سُتیاں لوک جگاون ہُو
نہیں فقیری وہندیاں ندیاں سُکیاں پار لنگھاون ہُو
نہیں فقیری پا مُصلّے وِچ ہوا ٹھہراون ہُو
نام فقیر تِنہاں دا باہُو دِل وِچ دوست ٹکاون ہُو

Naheen faqeeree jhalliaan maaran,
Suttiaan lok jagaavan hoo.

Naheen faqeeree vaihndeeaan nadeeaan,
Sukkiaan paar langhaavan hoo.

Naheen faqeeree wich havaa de,
Sajjaadaa thairaavan hoo.

Naam faqeer tinhaan da,
jehrhe Dil wich dost tikaavan hoo.

Spiritual life does not consist Of loud prayers and frenzied dancing-
They only upset the peace and quiet of early morning.

Walking on water is not spirituality

Nor is praying on mats suspended in mid air.

They alone may be called mystics, O Bahu,
Who have enshrined the Friend in their hearts.

(193)

نیڑے وسّن دُور دسیوَن ویہڑے ناہیں وَڑ دے ہُو
اندر ڈھونڈن ول نہ آیا باہر ڈُھونڈن چڑھدے ہُو
دُور گیاں کُجھ حاصل ناہیں شوہ لبّھے وِچ گھر دے ہُو
دل کر شیشے وانگوں باہُو دُور تھیوَن کُل پردے ہُو

Nerhe wassan door daseevan,
Vehrhe naaheen varhde hoo.

Andar dhoondan vall na aaiaa,
Baahir dhoondan charhhde hoo.

Door giaan kujh haasil naahin,
Shauh labbhe wich ghar de hoo.

Dil kar saiqal sheeshe vaangoon,
Door theevan kul parde hoo.

The Lord lives nearby but seems so far away:

You don’t know how to look for him within!

Nothing will be achieved by looking outside-
He lives right in your own backyard!

All the veils will be lifted, O Bahu,
When you remove all the coverings of dirt,
And your heart shines like a mirror.

(194)

وحدت دے دریا اُچھلّے جَل تھَل جنگل رِینے ھُو
عِشق دی ذات مَنیندے ناہِن سانگاں جھل پَتینے ھُو
انگ بھبھوت ملینّدے ڈِٹھّے سَے جوان لِکھینے ھُو
قُربان تِنہاں توں باھُو جیہڑے ہوندی ہمت ہِینے ھُو

Wahadat de dariaa uchhalle,
Jal thal jangal reene hoo.

Ishq dee zaat maneende naaheen,
Saangaan jhall tapeene hoo.

Ang bhabhoot maleende ditthe,
Sai javaan lakheene hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton,
jehrhe Hondee himmat heene hoo.

The river of oneness has surged,
Quenching the thirst of the deserts and wastelands.

If you don’t nurture God’s love in your heart,
You will be dry and parched like those deserts-

I have seen many a young ascetic smeared with ash.

I sacrifice myself to anyone, O Bahu,
Who humbles himself in his youth and power.

(195)

وحدت دے دریا اُچھلے ہِک دل سہی نہ کیتی ہُو

ہِک بُت خانے واصل تھیے ہِک پڑھ پڑھ رہے مسیتی ہُو

فاضِل چھڈ فضیلت بیٹھے عِشق بازی جاں لیتی ہُو

ربّ نہ مِلدا باہُو جِنہاں تَرٹّی چَوڑ نہ کِیتی ہُو

Wahadat de dariaa ucchalle,
Hik dil sahee na keetee hoo.

Hik butkhaane waasil thee-e,
Hik parhh parhh rahe maseetee hoo.

Fazil chhadd fazeelat baithe,
Ishq baazee jaan leetee hoo.

Hargiz Rabb na mildaa,
jinhaan Trattee chaurh na keetee hoo.

The ocean of oneness overflowed with love,
But still people went thirsty- They didn’t open their hearts.

Some merged with the Lord through idol worship;
Others wasted their time with scriptures in mosques.

But when their hearts were touched by God’s love,
These scholars denounced their learning.

You will never be worthy of meeting God, O Bahu,
If you have not sacrificed your all for him.

(196)

وحدت دا دریا الٰہی عاشق لیندے تاری ہُو
مارن ٹُبیاں کڈھن موتی آپو اپنی واری ہُو
دُرِّ یتیم چ لئے لشکارے جیوں چَن لاٹاں ماری ہُو
کیوں نہیں حاصل بھَردے باہُو نوکر نیں سرکاری ہُو

Wahadat de dariaa Ilaahee,
Aashiq lainde taaree hoo.

Maaran tubbeeaan kaddhan motee,
Aapo-apnee vaaree hoo.

Durr-e-yateem lae lishkaare,
Jion chann laataan maaree hoo.

So kion naaheen haasil bharde,
Jo naukar sarkaaree hoo.

The Lord is an ocean of oneness
In which lovers swim as they please, free of care.

In their own turn, they appear in the world
To dive deep into that ocean, to gather pearls.

Among the pearls is a gem- Unique in value, unmatched in lustre-
That shines like the moon.*

We are all in the employ of the Lord, O Bahu;
Let us pay homage to him through our paryers.

*

(A pearl of unique value signifies the Word of God, or Kalma)

(197)

وَنجن سر پر فرض ہے میتھوں قول بَلیٰ دا کر کے ھُو
لوک جانے متفکّر ہوئیاں وِچ وحدت دے وڑ کے ھُو
شوہ دیاں ماراں شوہ وَنج لیسّاں عِشق تُلّھا سِر دھر کے ھُو
جیوندیاں شوہ کسے نہ پایا باھُو کدّھا مر کے ھُو

Vanjan sir te farz hai mainoon,
Qaul qaalu balaa kar ke hoo.

Lok jaane mutfakkar hoeeaan,
Wich wahadat de varh ke hoo.

Shauh deeaan maaraan Shauh vanj laihsaan,
Ishq tullaa sir dhar ke hoo.

Jeeondiaan Shauh kise na paaiaa,
Jain laddhaa tain mar ke hoo.

Ever since the Lord ordained the Creation,
I have been pledged to return to my original home.

People know, from my quest for unity in God,
That I am as anxious as I am eager to merge with him.

I shall bear the blows of destiny as I pursue him,
While I am ferried across to him on the boat of his love.

No one ever found the Lord while living, O Bahu,
exept those who found him By dying while living.

(198)

وَہمہ وَہمہ ندیاں تارُو ہوئیاں .بُمبل چھوڑے کلہاں ہُو
یار اَساڈا رنگ محلّیں دَر تے کھلے سِکاہاں ہُو
نہ کوئی آوے نہ کوئی جاوے کَیں ہتھ لِکھ مُنجھلاں ہُو
خبر جانی دی آوے باہُو کلیوں پُھل تِھولاں ہُو

Vaih vaih nadeeaan taaroo hoeeaan,
Bambal chhorhe kaahaan hoo.

Yaar asaadaa rang mahalleen,
Dar te khale sikaahaan hoo.

Na koee aave, na koee jaave,
Kain hath likh munjaahaan hoo.

Jekar khabr jaanee dee aave,
Kaleeon phull theevaahaan hoo.

Water flows in streams, like life in the river of time.
The reeds have blossomed again-
Another season of life has passed!

I still tarry on my Lord’s doorstep-
Waiting for the nod to enter his glorious palace.

I see no one going in, no one coming out-
How can I get my heart’s message to him?

The bud of my heart would unfurl into a flower
Were I to receive his Word, Were I called to his presence.

(199)

ہر دَم شرم دی تنّد تروڑے جال ایہہ چھوڑگ ٹُلّے ہُو
بھڑک بالاں عقل دا دِیوا برہوں اَنھیری جُھلّے ہُو
اُجڑ گئیاں دے بھیت نیارے لعل جواہر رُلّے ہُو
دھوتیاں داغ نہ لہندے باہُو رنگ مجیٹھی ڈُلھے ہُو

Hardam sharm dee tand tarorhe,
Jaan eh chhodak bulle hoo.

Kichrak baalaan aqal daa deevaa,
Birhon anheree jhulle hoo.

Ujarh giaan de bhet niaare,
Lal jawaahar rulle hoo.

Dhotiaan dagh na lainhnde,
jitthe Rang majeethee dullhe hoo.

My deep sighs have raised such a storm
That the restraining cords of shyness have snapped.

How long will the sickly flame of reason
Hold against the storm of yearning that rages in my heart?

Precious like rubies and diamonds in our own Home,
Now we live like destitute aliens-deserted and helpless.

Once you are dyed in the crimson of God's love
The colour will never wash off,
For such is the hue of his love-deep and fast!

(200)

ہسّن دے کے رووݨ لیوئی دِتّا کِس دِلاسا ہُو
عُمر بَندے دی اِویں وہانی پانی جویں پتاسا ہُو
سوڑی سَامی سُت گھتیسن پَلٹ نہ سکیں پاسا ہُو
صاحب لیکھا مَنگسی باہُو رَتّی گھَٹ نہ مَاسا ہُو

Hassan de ke rovan lioee,
Dittaa kis dilaasaa hoo.

Umar bande dee ainven gaee,
Jion paanee wich pataasaa hoo.

Saurhi saamee sutt ghatesan,
Palat na saksain paasaa hoo.

Saahib lekhaa mangsee Baahoo,
Rattee ghatt na maasaa hoo.

Banished from my home of bliss and happiness,
I was cast out to this vale of tears.
No one came to lend a hand; No one consoled my ailing heart.

Pointless was my existence:
I vanished from the scene Like a sugar cube tossed into the ocean!

Finally I was lowered into that narrow hole in the ground
Where I couldn't even turn on my side.

To crown it all, O Bahu, the Lord now demands
The full settlement of my account-to that last farthing!

(201)

ہِک جاگن ہِک جاگ نہ جانن جاگدیاں ہِک سُتے ہُو
ہِک سُتیاں جا واصل ہوئے جاگدیاں ہِک مُٹھے ہُو
کے ہویا جے گھُگّو جاگے لیندا ساہ اُپٹھے ہُو
قُربان تِنہاں توں باہُو جِنہاں کھُوہ پریم دے جُتے ہُو

Hik jaagan, hik jaag na jaanan,
Hik jaagdiaan hee sutte hoo.

Hik suttian jaa waasil hoo,
Hik jaagdiaan hee mutthe hoo.

Keeh hoiaa je ghuggoo jaage,
Jo laindaa saah aputthe hoo.

Main qurbaan tinhaan ton Baahoo,
Jinh khooh prem de jutte hoo.

Some people are awake, Some don’t know how to wake up,
Some are awake only in their dreams.

A few get robbed in their seeming wakefulness,
While others merge in God as they sleep to the world.

Just as owls hoot using the in-breath,
So do some people repeat God’s name with the in-breath.
But they are blind to Reality, just as owls are to daylight.

I make myself a sacrifice to anyone, O Bahu,
Who toils hard at realizing God’s love.

(202)

ہِک دَم سجّن لکھ دم وَیری دَم دے مارے مَردے ہُو
ہِک دَم پِچھّے جَنم گوایا چور بَنے گھر گھر دے ہُو
لائیاں دا اوہ قدر کِیہ جانَن محرم ناہیں سَر دے ہُو
سو کیوں دھکّے کھاون باہُو طالب سچّے دَر دے ہُو

Hik dam sajjan, lakh dam vairee,
Hik de maare marde hoo.

Hik dam pichhe janam gavaaiaa,
Chor bane ghar ghar de hoo.

Laaeeaan dee oh qadar keeh jaanan,
Maiharam ho na sirr de hoo.

Oh kion dhakke khaavan,
jehrhe Taalib sachche dar de hoo.

There is but one moment in your life that is a friend,
Against the millions that are your foes. *
That one moment is so charged with power That it surmounts
The effect of those millions of adversaries.

Anyone who misses that moment wastes his entire life,
Like a theif shifting from house to house.**

How can those who don't know the mystery of God
Know the value of love?

If you anchor your hopes in your true Home,
You will never be driven from house to house.

*

(The particular moment in the life of a seeker when he is initiated by a Master into the secrets of God. The foes are those moments that are spent in worldly pursuits that take one away from God)

**

(From house to house' is to shift from body to body in the cycle of transmigration)

(203)

ہکّی پیڑ کُل عالَم کُوکے عاشقاں لکھ سہیڑی ہُو
جتھّے ڈھین رُڑھن دا خطرہ کون چڑھے اُس بیڑی ہُو
عاشق نیک صلاحیں چڑھدے تار گھتر وِچ بھیڑی ہُو
عِشق پیا تُلدا رتیں باہُو عاشقاں لذّت نہ کھیڑی ہُو

**Hik hik peer ton aalam kooke,
Lakh aashiq peerh saherhee hoo.**

**Dhain, rurhhan jith khatree hove,
Kaun charhe us berhee hoo.**

Aashiq naik salaahee charhde,
Taar kappar wich bherhee hoo.

Jith ishq tulendaa naal rattee de,
Aashiq lazzat nakherhee hoo.

People howl and cry over the slightest of discomforts,
While lovers gladly embrace a million torments.

Who would risk his life boarding a ship
If the waves were hitting it hard And the shore collapsing?

Lovers joyously board the ship of God's love-
Even though their souls are pitched Against the vortices of life.

Unsurpassed is the joy of lovers in the court of the Lord,
Where love is weighed in the smallest measure, O Bahu!*

*
(where every single moment devoted to the remembrance of God's Name is credited to the soul's account)

(204)

ہور دوا نہ دِل دی کاری کلمہ دِل دی کاری ہُو

کلمہ دُور زنگار کریندا کلمے میل اُتاری ہُو

کلمہ ہِیرے لعل جواہر کلمہ ہَٹ پساری ہُو

اِتھ اُتھ دوہیں جہانیں باہُو کلمہ دولت ساری ہُو

Hor dawaa na dil dee kaaree,
Kalmaa dil daa kaaree hoo.

Kalma door zangaar karendaa,
Kalme mail utaaree hoo.

Kalmaa heere, laal, jawaahar,
Kalmaa hatt pasaaree hoo.

Ethe othe doheen jahaaneen,
Kalmaa daulat saree hoo.

Kalma cures the ailment of the heart-
No other medicine works.

Kalma removes all rust from the mind;
Kalma washes all stains form the soul.

Kalma is more precious than diamonds and rubies.

Kalma is the alchemist’s shop, O Bahu;
Kalma is real wealth in this world and the next.

(205)

ہُو دا جامہ پہن کراہاں اِسم کماون ذاتی ہُو
کُفر اِسلام مقام نہ منزل نہ اُتھے موت حیاتی ہُو
نہ اُتھے مشرق نہ اُتھے مغرب نہ اُتھے دینہ تے راتی ہو
اوہ اساں وچ اسیں اُنہاں وچ دُور باہُو قرباتی ہُو

Hoo daa jaamaa paihan karaahaan,
Ism kamaavaan zaatee hoo.

Kufr Islaam, maqaam na manzil,
Na uth maut hayaatee hoo.

Shaah-rag theen nazdeek ladhose,
Paa androone jhaatee hoo.

Oh asaan wich, aseen unhaan wich,
Dorr rahee qurbaatee hoo.

Mystics live in this world as Hu personified;
They practise the Name that is the essence of God.

They live in Hu- Beyond religion,
Beyond belief and unbelief, Beyond life and death.

If you explore the path within yourself,
You will find God nearby, through the Royal Vein.

He now lives in me and I in him, O Bahu:
Not only distance from him But even nearness to him Has become irrelevant!

(206)

یار یگانہ ملسی تینوں سِر دی بازی لائیں ہُو

عشق اللہ وچ ہو مستانہ ہُو ہُو سدا الائیں ہُو

نال تصور اسم اللہ دے دم نوں قید لگائیں ہُو

ذاتے نال جاں ذاتی رلیا باہُو نام سدائیں ہُو

Yaar yagaanaa milsee taan je,
Sir dee baazee laaen hoo.

Ishq Allaah wich ho mastaanaa,
Hoo hoo sadaa alaaen hoo.

Naal tasawwur Ism Allaah de,
Dam noon qaid lagaaen hoo.

Zaate naal je zaat rale,
Tad Baahoo naam sahaaen hoo.

You will only meet the unrivalled Beloved
If you offer your head on the altar of his love.

Then, in an ecstasy of love,
You will repeat the Name of Hu constantly,

Devoting every breath of your life
In contemplation of him.

Only when your soul merges in the essence of the Lord
Will you deserve the name ‘Bahu’.